

HAS THIS WOMAN SUPERNATURAL POWER?
THE MYSTERY OF EVELYN BY THE REV. DR. CHARLES FRANCIS POTTER

NOV. 21,
1936

Liberty

5¢



JAFSIE ANSWERS THE AMERICAN BAR ASSOCIATION

Thanksgiving Dinner

...and then the peaceful feeling that comes from good digestion and smoking Camels!



OFF TO A GOOD START—with hot spiced tomato soup. And then—for digestion's sake—smoke a Camel right after the soup.

THE MAIN EVENT—The time-honored turkey of our forefathers—done to a crisp and golden brown—and flanked by a mountain of ruby cranberry jelly. By all means enjoy a second helping. But before you do—smoke another Camel. Camels ease tension. Speed up the flow of digestive fluids. Increase alkalinity. Help digestion run smoothly.

DOUBLE PAUSE—First—for the crisp refreshment of a Waldorf Salad—then—for the sheer pleasure of Camel's costlier tobaccos. This double pause clears the palate—and sets the stage for dessert.

SO TO A HAPPY ENDING—over coffee and your after-dinner Camels. Enjoy Camels—every mealtime—between courses and after eating—and you can lean back feeling on top of the world.

WHAT WILL YOU HAVE? Reading in a circle, there's Pumpkin Pie...Mince Pie *à la mode*...layer cake with inch-deep icing...a piping-hot Plum Pudding...and Camels to add the final touch of comfort and good cheer. For when digestion proceeds smoothly, you experience a sense of ease and well-being.

Copyright, 1936, R. J. Reynolds Tobacco Company, Winston-Salem, N. C.

FOOD EDITOR, Miss Dorothy Malone. "It's smart to have Camels on the table. My experience is that smoking Camels with my meals and afterwards builds up a sense of digestive well-being."

"THE BEST MEAL would be a disappointment if I couldn't enjoy Camels," says William H. Ferguson, salesman. "I smoke Camels as an aid to digestion. There's nothing like Camels to set you right."

RIGHT down the line—from explorers living on "iron rations" to the millions of men and women who'll heartily enjoy a big Thanksgiving dinner—it is agreed that Camels set you right! You enjoy food more and have a feeling of greater ease after eating when you smoke Camels between courses and after meals.

Enjoy Camels—all through the day. Steady smokers say that Camels never tire the taste or get on the nerves. And when you're tired, get a "lift" with a Camel.

CAMELS ARE MADE FROM FINER, MORE EXPENSIVE TOBACCOS...TURKISH AND DOMESTIC...THAN ANY OTHER POPULAR BRAND



COSTLIER TOBACCOS

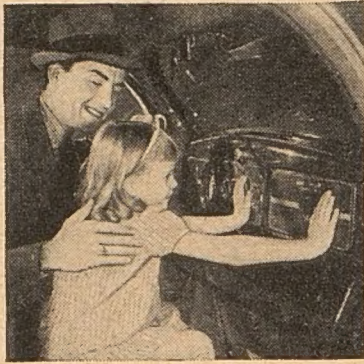
FOR DIGESTION'S SAKE—SMOKE CAMELS

First Pictures & Details About the NEW PLYMOUTH

THE BIGGEST, ROOMIEST PLYMOUTH EVER BUILT—New Sound-proofing of Steel Roof and Floor—Shuts Out Road Noises—New Safety Interior—Entire body Pillowed on Live Rubber—Eliminates Vibration and Rumble—New Airplane-type Shock-Absorbers—New “Hushed Ride”—Safety Glass in All Models, No Extra Charge.



ALL STEEL! Solid steel top... sides, doors, floors... and all reinforcing... for safety!

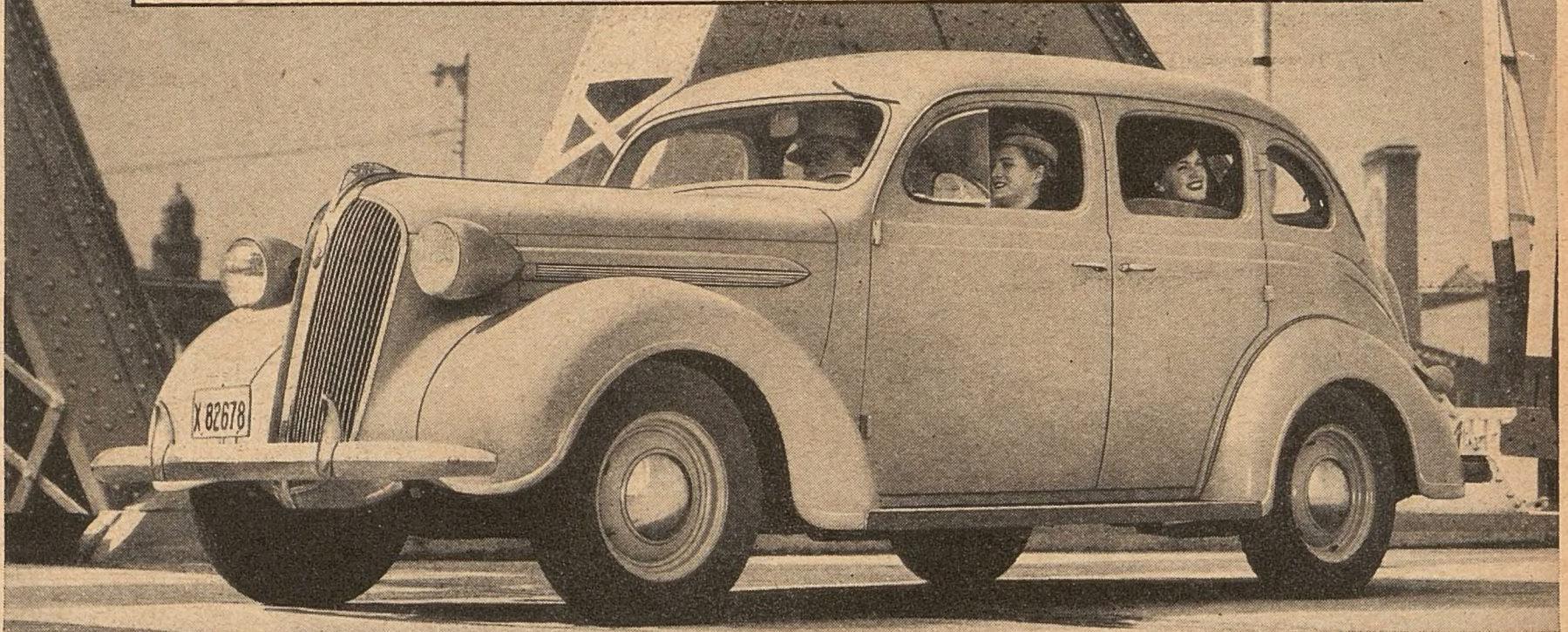


SAFETY INTERIOR—Nothing protrudes on instrument panel... all details designed for safety!

We believe you'll find after Careful Inspection that Plymouth gives you Better Engineering, Materials and Workmanship than any other Low-Priced Car!



AMAZINGLY BIG... rear seats are 2½ inches wider... front seats, 3 inches... more head and leg room, too.



GREATEST value in all Plymouth history... great new features:

Look: the new Safety Interior... new Scientific Sound-Proofing... new Rubber Body Mountings... new Airplane-type shock-absorbers... a new “Hushed Ride”... new Hypoid

rear axle, formerly used only in costly cars... famous Floating Power engine mountings.

EASY TO BUY! Terms as low as \$25 a month offered by Commercial Credit Company through Chrysler, De Soto or Dodge dealers. **PLYMOUTH DIVISION OF CHRYSLER CORP.**

SAVE MONEY!

This beautiful, big 1937 Plymouth is priced with the lowest... and saves you real money on gas, oil, tires and upkeep.



PLYMOUTH

The Best Buy of All Three!

BERNARR MACFADDEN
PUBLISHERFULTON OURSLER
EDITOR IN CHIEFWALLACE H. CAMPBELL
ART EDITOR

Automotive Industry Staggers the Imagination

ONCE every year the automobile comes out on dress parade. Millions of people are attracted to these shows and such occasions now take high rank among displays of that typically American industrial progress which has astonished the world.

For years there has been a certain amount of criticism for this industry because it failed to furnish a year-round work schedule. In an attempt to remedy this, the automobile industry last year held the automobile show two months earlier. This, they hoped, would give sales an impetus during the winter months and lessen the necessity for layoffs resulting from the previous schedule. Their hopes were amply justified, and automotive workers benefited greatly. Thus our industrialists again meet a challenge with wise and fruitful action.

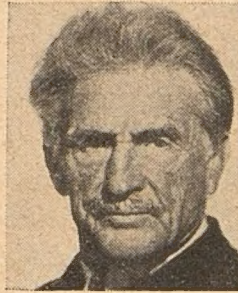
The gigantic character of the automotive business is almost beyond understanding. The figures will astound the average citizen. More than 6,000,000 persons are employed in its various activities, or one out of every seven of those gainfully employed in this country. There was never a more astonishing proof of the substantial worth of what Mr. Ickes contemptuously calls dog-eat-dog competition than is furnished by this industry.

Within the last five years—a period of serious depression—we have had a demonstration of the value of intense competition that is astonishing. You will all remember the automobiles of five or ten years ago. They were good cars, but there is absolutely no comparison between the automobiles of today and those of the pre-depression period. Every manufacturer of automobiles recognized the necessity of making extraordinary efforts to sell cars during the depression. Experiments of all kinds were conducted, diligent efforts were made to add improvements, giving more dependability and more years of life. Among these were streamlined bodies, silent transmission, safety glass, car ventilation, nonglare headlights and windshields, reinforced frames, and better tires.

Then, too, the industry offers an amazing example of the importance of mass production and its benefits to the people. Notwithstanding the increased price of merchandise of all kinds, automobile prices have been greatly reduced. The price reduction during the last ten years ranges from 39 to 75 per cent; from an approximate \$28 per unit of horsepower to \$7.

It will doubtless be pleasing to workers everywhere to know that the wages paid by the automotive industry are far higher than in the average manufacturing industry. The average wage in general industry is 57 cents per hour, while in the automotive industry it is 76 cents per hour. Motor vehicles and parts factories alone keep 439,000 workers busy and pay them an annual total of \$657,332,000.

Additional numbers, to a total of 6,017,000, are employed directly and indirectly in highway transportation.

BERNARR
MACFADDEN

It is the efficiency of the passenger car of today which has threatened the life of our railroads. For years there were no improvements in the rolling stock of our rail lines, but within the last three or four years there have been definite signs that they are awakening to the danger by which they are confronted. Streamlined coaches, great increase in speed, air conditioning, and other improvements have been made, and railroads are moving swiftly, trying to match the high standard which has been set by the automotive industry. Such results from competitive effort have always been of

benefit, if for no other reason than because they stimulate inventiveness.

No one can adequately measure the importance of the revolution the automobile has made in the lives of our people. Those living in cities find it convenient to visit country districts during the holidays. Suburban life is made attractive by the ease with which one can travel back and forth to business. Millions of acres of land previously inaccessible are now in reach of the markets of the world.

One of the astounding proofs of the improved standard of living of our workers compared with other countries is furnished by automotive statistics. The world registration of motor vehicles is about 36,500,000. Registration in this country in 1935 was 26,221,050. This figure includes over 5,000,000 cars, trucks, and tractors on American farms. In other words, we own and operate about 71 per cent of the automobiles and trucks of the world. Our investment in car and truck factories alone is \$1,273,734,000.

The wholesale value of cars and trucks built during 1935 exceeded two billion dollars. With accessories this total runs well over three billion dollars. The value of gasoline consumed was over three and three quarter billion dollars in that year. The total excise tax paid by the automotive industries in 1935 exceeded \$381,000,000, over 71 per cent of all the excise taxes from all sources throughout this country. The motorist pays one out of every eight tax dollars. In 1935 the total of parts and tires sales reached the stupendous figure of \$1,407,025,000, of which \$384,432,000 is credited to the tire industry. Such a record is an enduring monument to American genius and a source of pride to our people.

The envious eyes of the automobile owners that will admire the new designs of the coming year will undoubtedly give the industry a boost that will keep the workers on their jobs throughout the year. With the extraordinary improvements that are being made in design and mechanical structure, the temptation to trade in the old car and buy a new one will be hard to resist.

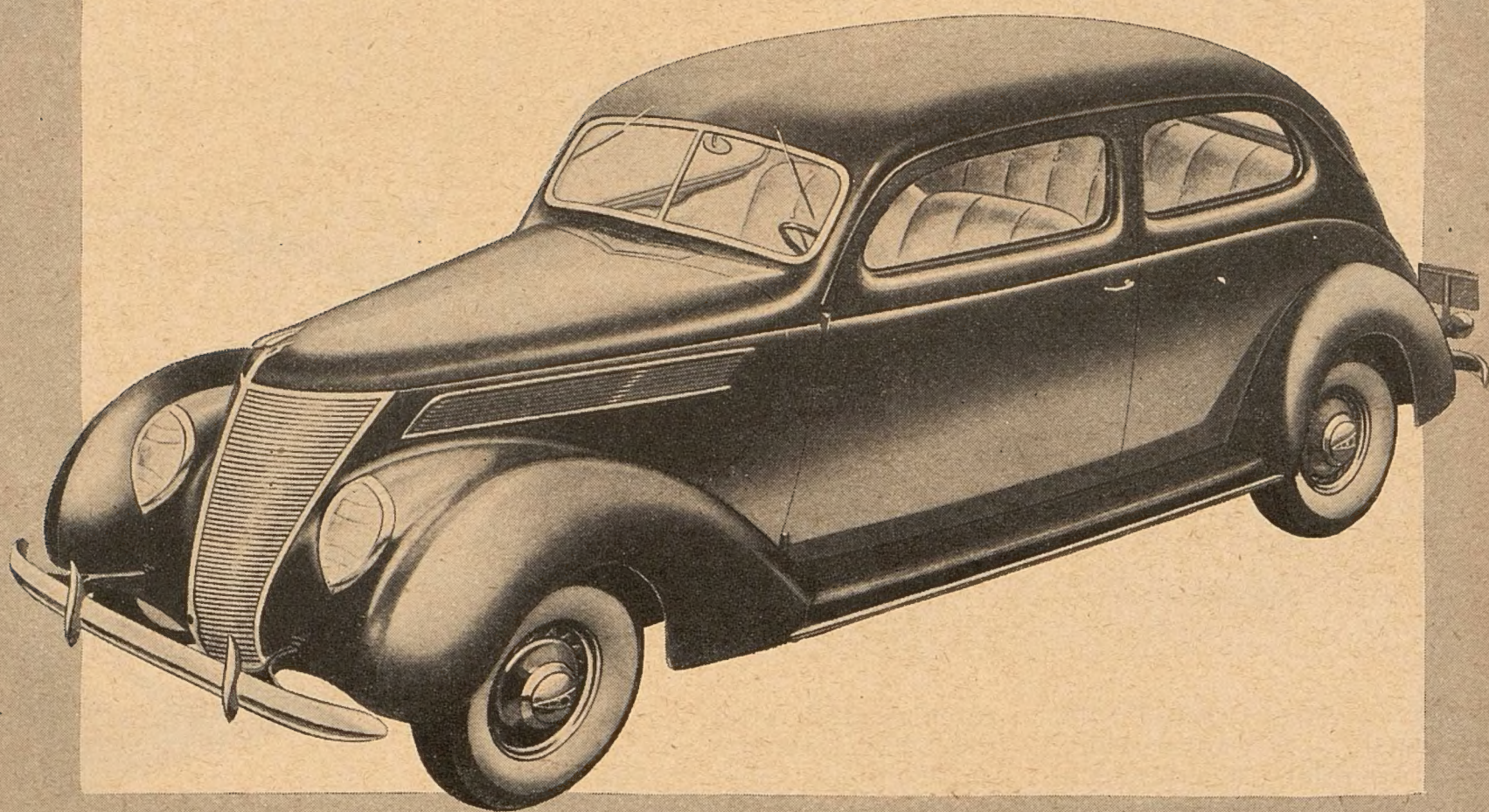
Bernarr Macfadden

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Announcing

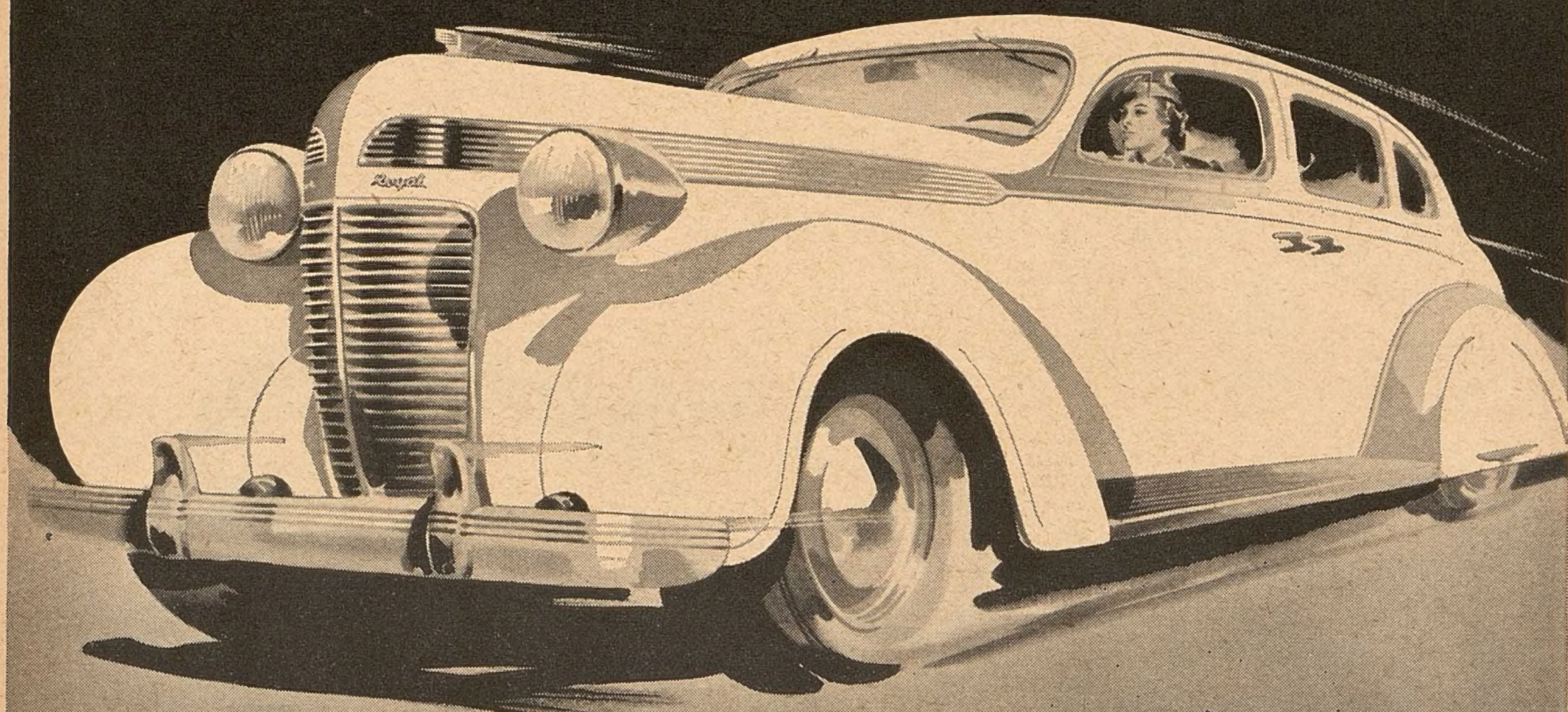
THE NEW
FORD V-8 CARS
FOR 1937



New and modern in appearance, the Ford V-8 for 1937 is powered by a modern V-type 8-cylinder engine. But this year, two sizes of this engine are offered — an improved 85-horsepower size for maximum performance — a new 60-horsepower size for maximum economy. It is still one car, one standard of size and comfort. With the smaller engine optional in several body types, a new low price is brought to the Ford line. The 1937 Ford is a beautiful car, inside and out. It is marked with many improvements for greater comfort — greater safety. It is more than ever

THE QUALITY CAR IN THE LOW-PRICE FIELD

CHRYSLER



**CHRYSLER ROYAL WITH GOLD SEAL ENGINE ...
A BIG, ROOMY CAR OF REMARKABLE ECONOMY**

1937

FOR 1937... THREE GREAT NEW CHRYSLERS!... forward-reaching style... astonishing new results in performance... more-for-the-money value and reliability!

NOW IN LOW-PRICED FIELD! Chrysler invades the low-priced field!

A brand-new Chrysler Royal! A low-priced *fine* car... a big, roomy car!... a power-packed economy car!

Chrysler engineers created an amazing new engine... the Gold Seal... 93 horsepower... with the highest compression for its bore the world has yet seen.

Then... new car style... new roominess... a new riding ease... all at a sensational new low price.

GOLD SEAL PRINCIPLE GIVES NEW POWER WITH ECONOMY

Gold Seal—Chrysler's new economy engine—is dynamite under

complete and velvety control... super-high compression... new larger exhaust valves of Austenitic steel... *uses ordinary gasoline*... gives three or four more miles per gallon than many cars of much less horsepower.

Here's the *only* engine in the low-priced field which gives *all* the good new things engineers have discovered to improve economy and performance. It delivers almost unbelievable power on a miserly consumption of *ordinary* gas. With Automatic Overdrive† it gives even greater economy at touring speeds.

WORLDS OF ROOM!

Chrysler Royal is lithe, sleek, dashing... a wonder for room... just read the dimensions in the diagram on opposite page. Worlds of leg room, head room and elbow room... spacious, level tonneau floors. Amazing new Aero Hydraulic

Shock Absorbers... built like the landing mechanism of an airplane. They combine with advanced Air-flow weight distribution and slow-acting Amola steel springs to give such a ride as no other low-priced car ever gave before.

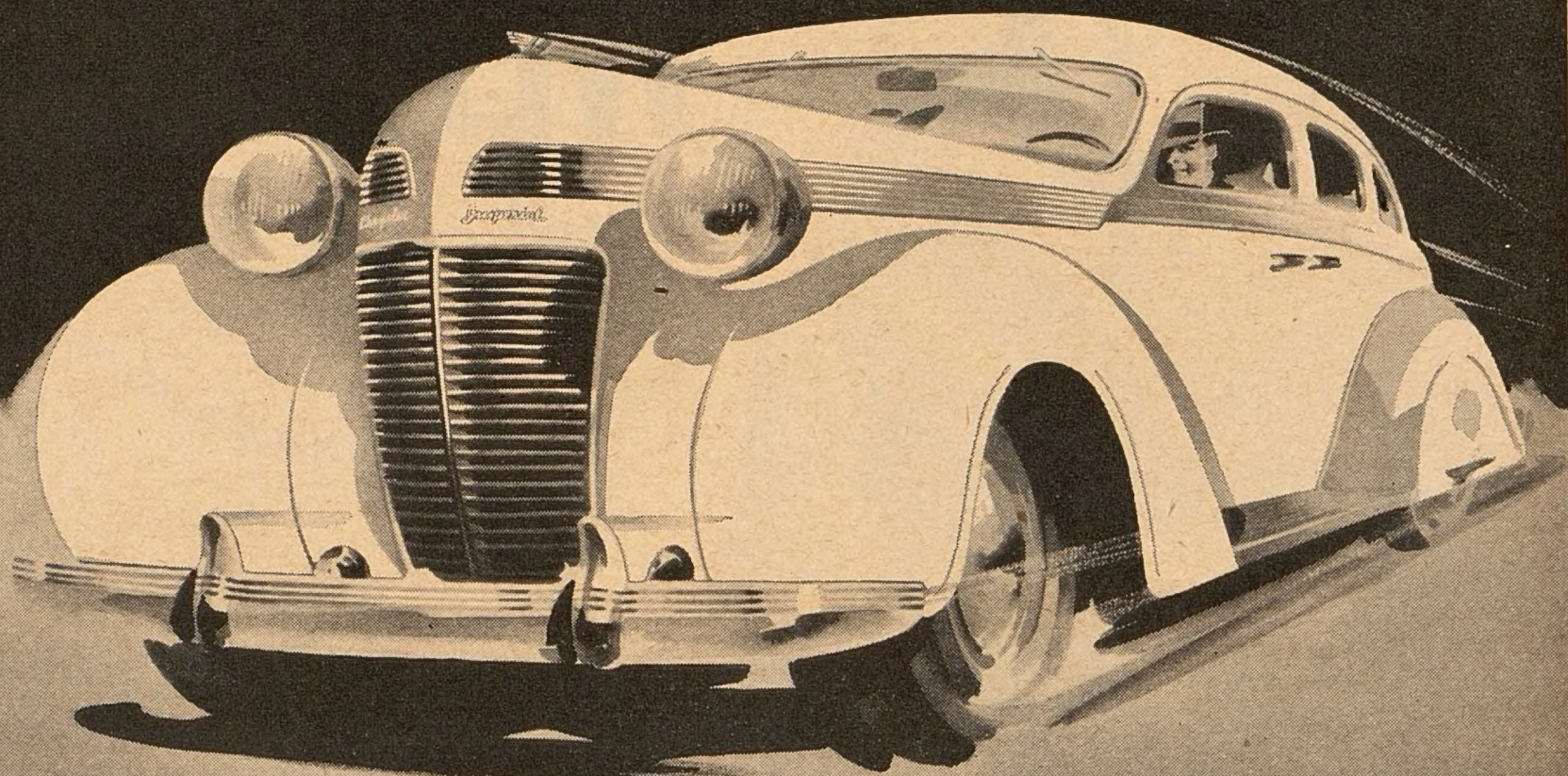
Positively regal trim! And appointments! Superb upholstery!

Every famous Chrysler engineering feature... Valve-Seat Inserts... Floating Power... time-tested, genuine Hydraulic Brakes... Safety *All-Steel* Bodies... finger-touch, shockless steering.

NEW 1937 CHRYSLER IMPERIAL

Here's Chrysler's greatest more-for-the-money triumph! Dollar for dollar, the 1937 Imperial is the greatest of the eights.

INVADES THE LOW-PRICED FIELD!



**THE IMPERIAL DOLLAR FOR
DOLLAR THE GREATEST OF THE EIGHTS**

Its beauty commands the eye . . . the sweeping grace of the long, proud hood . . . the impressive length and grace of the new, larger body . . . 204 inches over-all.

Increased space everywhere . . . wide, chair-high seats . . . broad, level tonneau floors.

Superb riding ease . . . from new Aero Hydraulic Shock Absorbers and Airflow's scientific weight distribution . . . further enhanced by the length and size of the car. Safety *All-Steel* Bodies with beautiful one-piece steel roof . . . shockless steering . . . Hydraulic Brakes . . . Automatic Overdrive†, to give extra miles per gallon at touring speeds.

NEW 1937 CHRYSLER AIRFLOW
For 1937 . . . a beautiful new Airflow with new forward-reaching lines . . . new luxuries.

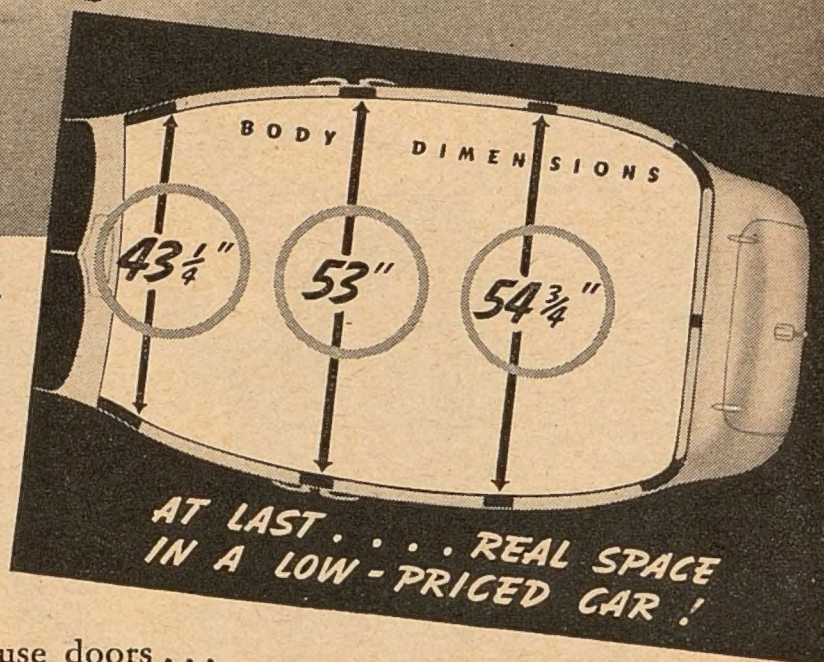
130 horsepower . . . yet with the efficiency of Airflow design

and Automatic Overdrive†, this big, powerful car holds an official A. A. A. record of 18.1 miles per gallon on a trans-continental run.

A great, spacious car . . . 213 inches over-all . . . with doors as wide as house doors . . . seats like divans . . . an all-adjustable front seat that moves up and down, forward and back, and tilts to any angle. The famous Floating Ride . . . with scientific weight distribution . . . passengers cradled close to the center of balance.

The safest car on the road . . . you actually ride *inside* the frame. Lifeguard tubes standard equipment . . . Hydraulic Brakes.

See all the great new Chryslers. Drive the one that suits your needs the best.



- ☆ **CHRYSLER ROYAL** . . . 93 horsepower, 199-inch over-all length. Ten body types.
 - ☆ **CHRYSLER IMPERIAL** . . . 110 horsepower, 204-inch over-all length. Six body types.
 - ☆ **CHRYSLER CUSTOM IMPERIAL** . . . 130 horsepower, 223-inch over-all length. Two body types.
 - ☆ **CHRYSLER AIRFLOW** . . . 130 horsepower, 213-inch over-all length. Two body types.
- †Automatic Overdrive is standard on Chrysler Airflow and Custom Imperial. Available on all 1937 Chryslers at slight additional cost. ★ Ask for the Official Chrysler Motors-Commercial Credit Company Time Payment plan.
- Wouldn't you like a catalog?**
We will gladly send you our 1937 literature on request. Address Chrysler Corporation, Chrysler Sales Division, 12230 East Jefferson Avenue, Detroit, Michigan.

Beginning
Next Week



Picture specially posed by Mr. Wendel to show how his captors treated him.

*The
Amazing Story by*
**PAUL H.
WENDEL**

*Second Kidnap Victim
of the Lindbergh
Case!*

ON the night set for Hauptmann's execution the world sat breathless beside the radio. Forty minutes beyond the scheduled time and still no word. What could be going on at Trenton? Then came the flash: Hauptmann reprieved. Another had confessed to the crime.

Beginning in next week's *Liberty*, Paul H. Wendel, mystery man of the Lindbergh case, tells his own amazing story—a story more startling than a tale of the Spanish Inquisition.

In it he describes being seized at noon within forty feet of Broadway, bundled into a sedan under the muzzle of a revolver, taken to a cellar dungeon in deepest Brooklyn, held prisoner for ten days, subjected to almost unbelievable torture until flesh and blood could endure no more. This, he says, was the confession—forced from him—that gave Hauptmann three more days to live.

Who were the men behind this desperate last-minute attempt? Will Paul Wendel's story, now to be told in *Liberty* for the first time, bring about another Lindbergh investigation? By all means watch for this amazing feature in next week's *Liberty*, dated November 28, on sale Wednesday, November 18.

Liberty



T O M B O Y

Today she's shinnying up the tree with Junior and his gang.

Tomorrow she'll be a woman.

Yesterday she turned up her pug nose at dolls and lay on the floor to dispatch the electric train.

But in the not far distant future she will lavish a mother's love on a kicking little pink-and-white doll of her very own.

Tomorrow she'll be a woman—a woman with all the implications of that complex word, facing the three great ordeals that women have always faced, and always will.

The Three Ordeals

When the first hot pains and fainting tell her that now she is a woman . . . when that glad but fearsome period ushers in her first born . . . and when the

autumn of fertility brings on the change of life, the menopause . . . it will be through these three ordeals of life that the name of another woman, a great woman, will often pass her grateful lips in heartfelt thanks.

That woman's name is known wherever humans dwell. It is Lydia E. Pinkham.

So They Sing

Lydia Pinkham knew the trials of womanhood. And she compounded with a kind, strong hand her vegetable compound. It has been written about. It has been sung about in jovial strain. Yet it has never been taken lightly by the

millions of women to whom it brought such blessed relief during three long generations.

Lydia Pinkham was not a scientist. Yet science and medicine have acclaimed her prowess these many years—backed by more than a million letters that have come, all unsought by us, from women everywhere.

Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound is not, and this may surprise you, a patent medicine. It is a standard proprietary.

It has done its work nobly for over three generations. It is fair to assume that it will do the same for you.

For three generations one woman has told another how to go "smiling through" with Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound. It helps Nature tone up the system, thus lessening the discomforts* which must be endured, especially during

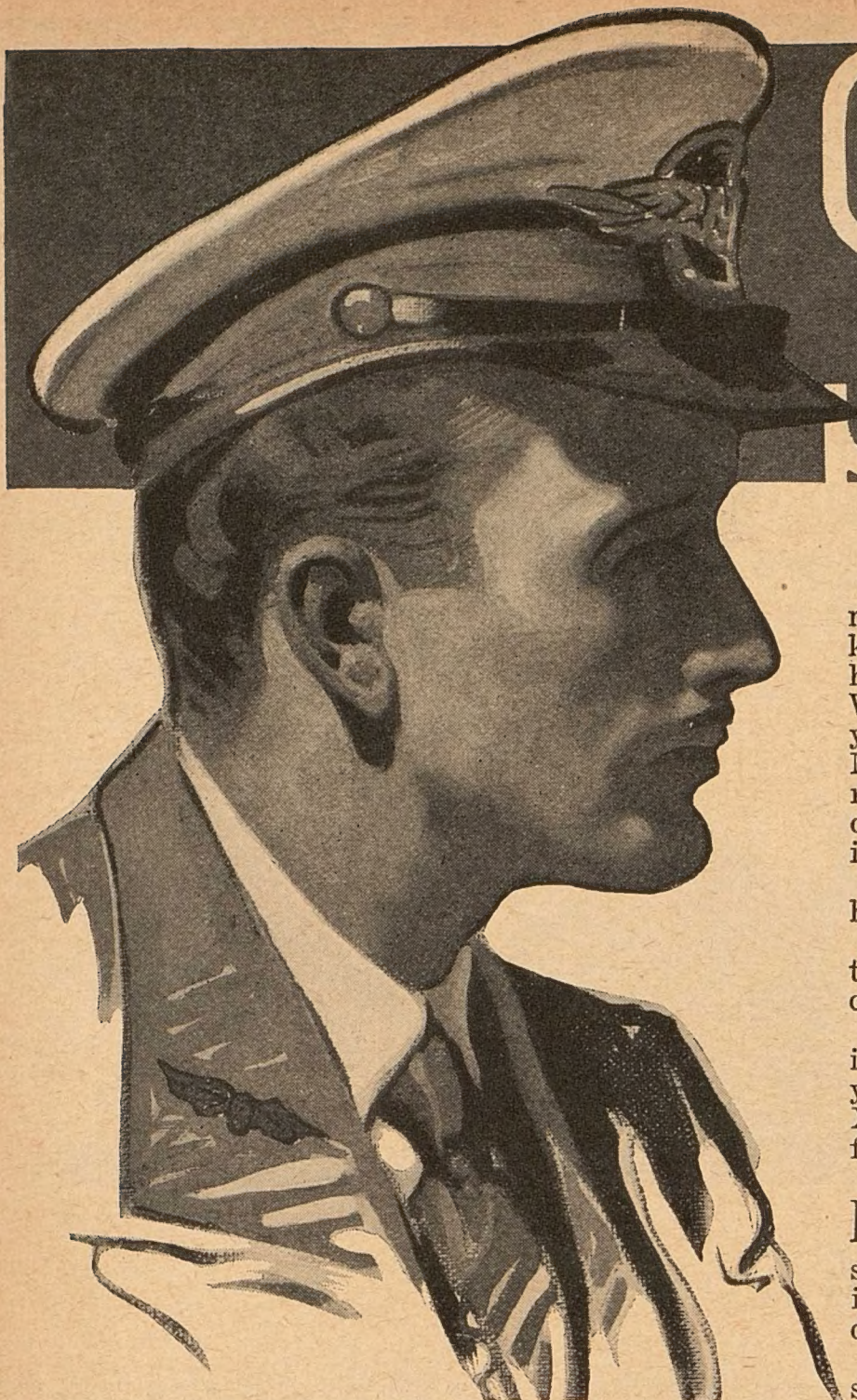
The Three Ordeals of Woman

1. *Passing from girlhood into womanhood.*
2. *Preparing for Motherhood.*
3. *Approaching "Middle Age."*

*functional disorders

One woman tells another how to go "Smiling Through" with

Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound



JAPP LARANZANA

A VIVID, SEARCHING STORY OF LOVE ACROSS THE AIRPLANES AND THE WAY OF A LORELEI'S HEART

READING TIME ● 30 MINUTES 4 SECONDS

THE radio operator said, "O. K., Japp. Come on in. Look out for that new ditch on the right-hand side of the field. They've got some lanterns on it. When you get down, come up a minute. I want to ask you something."

He adjusted his earphones on his cheekbones, where he could hear just as well and keep his ears free for telephones and station calls, and grinned as the lazy voice from the descending plane came back: "I wish they'd quit digging up this field. They must think it's a truck garden. O. K., I'll be seeing you."

From his tower the radio operator watched the plane circle the station like a gray gull. Laranzana settled it gently and rolled up to the station. Like all radio operators, Jimmy had his favorite pilots. Once a month he

made a flight over the sky route he controlled, so that he knew the terrain from which ships in the air reported to him. If he could, he always flew with Japp Laranzana. When Laranzana said he'd be over Martin's Creek at 6.34, you could set your watch by it, because he'd be over Martin's Creek at 6.34. The radio operator had a lot of respect for a pilot like that. If Japp was two minutes late on a call, it worried the radio operator quite a lot, because it so seldom happened.

There was a clatter on the stairs and Japp's sleek black head appeared above the railing.

"What's on your mind?" he said, and sat straddle of the one chair. "Department of Commerce got any new cockeyed ideas about beams?"

The radio operator said slowly, "No, this is a cockeyed idea I thought up all by myself. What's this X business you been tying on to the end of your reports lately—this X 10 and X 20 and all that? I been trying to figure it out for a month and it's got me."

LARANZANA'S smile tightened at the corners of his mouth, at the corners of his black eyes. His eyes were suddenly too bright, fever-bright. Watching him admiringly, Jimmy thought, with surprise: Japp's nervous; he didn't like my asking about that.

They looked at each other a moment and then Japp said softly, "Mind your own business."

The radio operator was more and more surprised. Of course Japp Laranzana was tough. Everybody knew that. But he wasn't tough like Monty Belford or Wayne Hawkins or those guys. When things went wrong he could be vicious in a cold, scientific way. But, the radio operator thought, he belonged to the new school of commercial pilots; he was a college man, army-trained, an officer and a gentleman.

It wasn't like Japp to tell you to mind your own business just for asking a civil question that was, after all, very much a radio operator's business. It was against the Department of Commerce regulations for a pilot to say anything personal over the radio from his plane when he reported in. Couldn't be any of this Hello-darling-put-on-the-steak-I'll-be-down-in-ten-minutes stuff. Not any more. The rules were very strict and this X tag line of Laranzana's sounded like a signal or something.

Japp Laranzana knew all that as well as any one.

Jimmy said, "Look, Japp—"

The pilot made a nervous little gesture with a right hand that barely touched his mustache. He said, "Jimmy—it's all right. Maybe just a little superstition of mine or something. Forget it, will you?"

He stood up, drawing the belt of his uniform overcoat tighter, pulling his cap down over his right eye, settling the white scarf of airplane silk about his throat. The fever swelled into an eagerness that swept the little glass room, an eagerness that communicated itself through some mechanism even more delicate than their radio system, some mental radio.

Japp Laranzana was going somewhere, to some one, and he wanted to go so much that you could feel it.

Plenty of pilots were like that when they had a gal at the end of the line. But of course Japp couldn't have

WAVE

a girl at the New York end. He lived out in Chicago.

Jimmy said, "How's your wife, Japp?"

Japp said, "She's fine." His nervous hand lay a moment on Jimmy's shoulder. "Forget this X stuff."

Jimmy said, "Sure, Japp. I was just curious. See you later at Gustel's, maybe?"

Gustel's was a German restaurant near the airport in Newark where the pilots ate and listened to music and, when regulations permitted, drank German beer. For the boys who were based in Chicago and had to spend two nights a week on the eastern end it got pretty lonesome. Most of them didn't go over to New York. They were tired after a trip, they had to go back again the next day, and New York could be lonesome if you didn't belong there. Besides, pilots were a clannish outfit. They liked to sit around and talk about airplanes.

Japp said, "Not tonight—thanks, kid," smiled and clattered down the stairs.

Now that Jimmy came to think about it, he hadn't seen Japp at Gustel's for a couple of months, and yet before that no one had loved to sing the old-fashioned folk songs as well as Japp. Last Saturday night, for instance, the whole gang had been there. The weather'd been bad, one trip had been canceled out and 5 and 15 had consolidated, and so Pop and "Carry" Carrick and Ryan and Eddie Hillman had been held over, and they'd all sat around Gustel's singing and swapping lies until three in the morning. Japp hadn't been there, and he'd been at this end, come in the same time he did tonight.

Then there was this X business.

Like most radio operators, Jimmy was sensitive to voices. He could tell by a pilot's voice just what was going on in the air—the flat, careful, expressionless voice that meant trouble; the singing note that came with some glorious day upstairs; the absent note when the pilot was just flying along easy, thinking about something else probably.

Japp's voice changed when he came to that X 10.

It meant something, and something that shouldn't be there.

Superstition! Nuts! Pilots weren't superstitious. Funny, but they weren't. He'd never known a pilot to carry a good-luck piece or a medal, or to worry about a lucky number or anything like that. Laranzana was about as superstitious as a leopard.

A CLOUD of unhappiness was creeping over the radio operator. He *liked* Japp Laranzana. They'd been talking to each other for three years now, good weather and bad. You get to have a mighty close feeling that way.

Six weeks ago he'd bought a short-wave set for Japp, because of course Jimmy could get a discount. It was a swell set, very powerful. He'd supposed it was for Japp's wife. A lot of pilots' wives listened in on short wave for their husbands' station calls.

But it disturbed him now to remember that Japp had asked him a lot of questions about the frequency, the change from day to night frequency, and how to tune in from New York to get the air line.

Into the mike Jimmy said, "Newark to Silver, 354. Report."



BRIGID ALCOTT

by ADELA
ROGERS ST. JOHNS

ILLUSTRATIONS BY FRANK GODWIN

To himself he said, I don't believe it's another woman. Still, he's awful good-looking. Women are always chasing pilots. It'd wreck Japp. He's not that kind of a guy. If he's playing that kind of a game, he'll go off in his flying. I wonder who's listening in on that short-wave set for his calls. I wonder where he is right now.

He was, at that exact moment, in the Holland Tunnel.

The long, dark town car slid noiselessly through the glistening white-tiled tube that for him was merely the road between the Newark airport and an apartment on Park Avenue.

The woman in Japp Laranzana's arms was small and her mass of hair flamed against his shoulder. Her small white face was radiant with that special radiance which is reserved for women in love.

She was trembling a little, and she said, "I missed your last call. I couldn't get anything but noises. Oh,

Japp—it frightened me so. I kept thinking—suppose some day I shouldn't hear him—suppose—"

He said, "Sweet, don't," and put his hands behind her slim shoulders and dragged her to him. Only when he had her in his arms like this did that ache which possessed him stop. When he was away from her it was always there. Thinking of her only made it worse. All his thoughts of her came in pictures. She made pictures when she curled up in the big green chair before the fire; when she sat in front of the airport in the long, dark car, framed like an orchid in a showcase; when she lay in bed with one hand tucked under her cheek.

Sometimes he thought that if he did not see her for a while the ache might go away. But he knew he couldn't stop seeing her, not as long as she wanted to see him, and the thought that some day she might stop wanting him left him empty inside.

The girl watched him. Her eyes went over his dark face, the black eyes, the tight mouth under the dark mustache. To herself she said, I am in love. For the first time in my life, I am in love.

At the apartment house on Park Avenue where she lived they knew her as Mrs. Brigid Alcott. For over two years she had occupied an elegant and expensive suite on the twenty-second floor. With the staff she was popular. Her purse was always full and it was always open. You couldn't tell but what she was a lady, and better behaved at that than most of them. Had a good time—came home lots of nights hand in hand with the dawn; but she never came home tight, and the men who accompanied her left her at the elevator. Sometimes they didn't want to, but she handled them expertly.

Only one man ever went upstairs with her. His name wasn't Alcott. He was a banker and lived in Chicago. Not bad-looking, but going a little bald. Everybody said he had millions. Last year he'd been in Washington a lot and Mrs. Alcott had gone down there to see him. She was very keen about flying, they knew, and she'd even flown out to Chicago three or four times. Sometimes she told them about her trips, and that was unusual because, unlike most ladies who lived in expensive apartments on Park Avenue and had banker friends, Mrs. Alcott did not talk much. Not even to her hairdresser.

As a matter of fact, Brigid Alcott had learned very early to keep her own counsel. "I've seen a good many girls talk themselves out of a swell spot," she said once to George Cavanaugh. He was the banker from Chicago.

A LITTLE ironical, she sometimes thought, that she had first seen Japp Laranzana when she flew out to Chicago to spend a week end with George. Business had kept him there and he always got nervous when she was alone in New York too long. That was silly, because she had actually never looked at a man in the two and a half years since she'd known George. Of course there were plenty of guys around New York and ninety per cent of them were on the make. It was always open season in the gay Fifties on girls like Brigid Alcott, girls with flaming hair and no visible means of support who wore emeralds and rode in long, dark town cars with liveried chauffeurs.

Men went for Brigid. Not only because of her hair, and her long, cozening eyes, but because she was always laughing. By the time she was thirty her laugh would tinkle like broken glass and her eyes would be as hard as the emeralds she wore, but now she was young and her laughter was sweet as a sun-warmed brook.

If sometimes she was very tired inside, nobody saw it. Brigid knew her business. Men, she knew, might be bound by the tyranny of tears, but they bought laughter, they bought gaiety and forgetfulness.

She had sold these at the top price to George Cavanaugh.

There had been no particular choice about it. Brigid had drifted.

In a funny way she was fond of George. A hard man of tyrannical pride and violent egotism. Tiresome, too. But he had been good to her, and boredom was something you accepted, part of the punishment and the cost of the easiest way. There couldn't, she thought, be anything worse than the sheer deadly boredom of her life, of her loneliness, of George.

Then one day George telephoned her to fly out to Chicago.

From the first, flying fascinated her. Fear was something she did not know then. When you have nothing to lose there is nothing of which to be afraid.

The sense of flight was something that took her, swept her through and through with a thrill that nothing in her life had ever given her. Whenever she could fly, she was happy. From New York to Miami, from Miami to Havana, from New York to Washington, to Boston, to Chicago.

Next year George had promised her a swanky airplane of her own.

That was when she began to watch pilots. If she had a plane of her own she'd have to have a pilot. That would be something. That would make life worth living. You'd want a pilot that was sort of companionable and maybe a little fun. Brigid's thoughts went no farther than that.



Mrs. Alcott perched on the bed, her slim foot you to do this for me. I know you're doing it

Then, in an airport at Kylertown, where they had come down to gas, she saw Japp Laranzana.

It was a tiny airport with a spotless waiting room. Brigid was the only woman on the ship. She sat on a wicker divan against the window and calmly combed out her flaming hair. She kept a special comb with a jade back and used it often and publicly because it called attention to her hair. The men passengers eyed her as men always eye a woman like Brigid Alcott. Brigid didn't look at them. Her manners were excellent. Moreover, men didn't interest her. They never had. That was one reason she was so successful. It was easy to keep your head and manage men when you didn't care.

Then, as she sat combing her hair so that it danced and shone against the dull gray light, a slight figure in olive drab came quickly into the room, walked over to the window of the radio room, and she heard him asking questions in an indifferent drawl.

He said, "O. K., we'll fly," and turned to go out.

Their eyes met.

I know him, Brigid had said to herself. I must know him. I've been waiting for him all my life. I never saw

him before, yet I feel as though I had come home. I want to talk to him, I want to touch him.

The color swept up under her white skin and she smiled at him.

He smiled back. He thought of the Lorelei combing their hair upon the rocks. It didn't occur to him that he needed wax in his ears or a bandage around his eyes or that he needed to be tied in the pilot's seat of his plane lest he yield to the magic song of the Lorelei. He simply thought how lovely she was and how childlike and confiding was her smile.

Even when he saw that she had taken the front seat just outside the cockpit door he didn't sense danger. Plenty of women, having seen Japp Laranzana, had taken that front seat. They never bothered him one way or the other. He was interested only in airplanes—and Virginia.

A man with a wife like Virginia would be a fool to look



tucked under her. She said, "It's very nice of Mr. Laranzana, but I'm getting the benefit."

at any other woman on earth. Virginia, who was so gentle and so very dear and such a grand person.

No temptation, Japp Laranzana would have sworn—and temptation had come his way now and again—no temptation could be strong enough to make him waver by a quickened breath from the vow he had taken to cherish her, to hold her within that circle of happiness where she dwelt so gratefully.

But he had forgotten, in the quiet years of that accustomed happiness, how luring can be the song of the Lorelei, combing their flaming hair upon the rocks. He had forgotten an early ache of disappointment that Virginia, who was so dear and tender, had never been mad as he was mad. He had forgotten, too, that peace and safety may not fill to the brim a man who has sought his life-work in the thrill of flying where man never flew before.

When on his return trip to New York the redheaded girl sat again in the front seat, where he could see her every time the door of the cockpit opened, and smiled at him with that promise of delight which is passion's forerunner, she wore for him the bright face of adventure, and he knew that he had been hungry and that a

fire was lit which might consume them all in its flames.

So he had betrayed Virginia as completely as a man might betray a woman, and each time he went home to her he could only pray that she might not know, that her innocence might not sense the touch of the other woman that lay upon him. He had never intended it should last, this swift flight into summer lightning. He had excused it to himself as—just one of those things. But he had discovered something that perhaps many men discover—something that explains many things. The song of the Lorelei is poignant with loneliness, they call so luringly because they are lonely there upon the sea-swept rocks, the storm-beaten rocks, and to watch the heartbreak of a Lorelei is something few men can bear.

Tonight, when the ride through the tunnel, through New York's bright exciting streets was over, when he sat with Brigid's head against his knee, he could not tell her his thoughts when she said, "What are you thinking?" He could not tell her because, for the first time in his life, he was afraid.

He kissed her instead and found magic in her kisses.

"I love you so," she said, and then her laughter broke out and she snuggled against him in a way she had. "It's very funny. I never expected to be in love. But never! I think of you all the time. Do you think of me when you are away?"

His eyes swept over her. All the mysteries of love were there and he knew suddenly that all real love is virgin. Hers was. He did not love her, but he could not give her up.

THE last time he had been over, George had been unexpectedly in town. She hadn't been at the airport to meet him. The disappointment had been like a physical blow. His need of her had kept him restless until dawn.

Not nice to remember. Japp Laranzana felt soiled by their memories. In that long restless night he had thought that it would be better if he never saw her again; if he took the pain of parting and lived through it, as a man lives through a fever convalescence. But the next time he climbed out of his ship she had been waiting, her small white face radiant above the great fur collar. He couldn't give her up. There had been, before he knew Virginia, other women. But not a woman like Brigid Alcott, and if he felt soiled, he felt terribly young and alive and excited.

Watching him, her eyes trying to read him, she said, "George wants me to go to Florida. It's getting awfully cold. He can't stand the winters in Chicago."

She saw him wince and crept closer to him. Her hands moved about him, touching him, hot fragrant little hands, bare of rings. When she was with Japp she never wore the emeralds which were famous in the gay Fifties.

"I don't want to go to Florida," she said bitterly. "I couldn't live without you so long. I'd go crazy thinking of you flying in the cold, in storms, dark nights—and I wouldn't be here when you came in. I couldn't bear it."

He said, "I like flying in winter. It's rather nice upstairs when there's snow on the ground."

"Do you want me to go?" she said.

Strange how a woman like this could be so childlike.

"I never want you to go," he said, and felt her lips hot and sweet against his palm, heard her little sigh of rapture.

But, strangely, he was thinking of Virginia, of those cold winters in Chicago, of how she hated the cold and how simply she had borne it for his sake.

It was as though the girl who crept into his arms read his thoughts. She said, "I'm not going. Darling, darling, my own darling, you know—don't you?—that I'd stay with you in an Eskimo hut. I'd follow you if you flew to the north pole. It isn't because I don't want to that I don't do things for you. It isn't always as nice as some people seem to think—being the other woman."

They did not speak of Virginia. There was something in Japp Laranzana that would no longer let him speak of Virginia. He avoided that small disloyalty at least. At first they had spoken of her. He had even shown Brigid the little picture he carried. But it seemed to him that Brigid always knew when he was thinking of Virginia, for just then she always came close to him, as she was

now, melted against his breast, trying to make up to him for the sinless Paradise he had lost for her sake.

"I love you," she said.

The kiss he gave her was his answer. He spoke to her always in the language of kisses, of hands that clung and bodies that melted together. She knew as well as he did that he had never said he loved her.

The next morning she was gay, she teased him, she laughed at him.

But just before he left she stood a moment looking at the polished case beside her bed that held the short-wave radio. She stood before it in soft green-satin pajamas that made her look more than ever like a mermaid, and said, "Sometimes I hate that thing. It frightens me, darling. Like last night, when I missed your call. It made noises, Japp. I was waiting for your voice, listening for you so that life could begin again. And instead, it—it spoke to me in noises, like a god threatening me." Her mouth quivered. "I keep thinking if some night I couldn't hear you at all—I'd die, darling."

That was how it happened that Jimmy, the radio operator, went to the apartment on Park Avenue.

Just before he took off that afternoon Japp Laranzana had come into the radio room. His face was haggard and he was keyed, Jimmy thought, at too high a pitch.

He said, "A friend of mine—Mrs. Alcott—has a short-wave set. The one you got for me. It isn't set up right. You know how tricky those things are. I know it's asking a lot, Jim, but if she sends her car over for you, will you take a look at it and get it the way she wants it?"

His eyes were very frank. They denied any conspiracy, but Jimmy knew he was being offered a trust.

Mrs. Alcott came to the door herself. She wasn't at all what he had expected. She wore a pair of white slacks and a white blouse turned back at the throat with a blue bow. It didn't occur to Jimmy that Mrs. Alcott was very wise in the ways of men and knew how to dress each occasion on its merits.

The radio was in the bedroom, beside the low bed that was covered with little soft pillows. There were vases full of some kind of white lilies. On the table with the radio was a jade lamp with a soft golden shade.

Mrs. Alcott perched on the bed, her slim foot tucked under her. She said, "It's very nice of you to do this for me. I know you're doing it for Mr. Laranzana, but I'm getting the benefit."

Her smile was friendly and gay, and Jimmy, busy with the dials, felt suddenly comfortable and friendly.

"You see," she said cheerfully, "next year I'm going to get a plane myself. That's why I like to listen to the air lines. I like to hear the pilots calling in. I expect I've heard you a lot of times."

"I expect you have," Jimmy said. "These short-wave sets are wonderful. Now, I can set this so you can get all the air lines—I'll give you the numbers—or I can set it so you'll just get us."

"I don't really care about any line but yours," she said. "It's my favorite because—I've flown on it a lot and always had such fun."

WHEN he looked at her, the color had stained her face and her eyes had a pleading look. She said hurriedly, "When I get my plane, I hope Mr. Laranzana will come to fly it for me."

The jade lamp lay on the floor between them, shattered in pieces. Over the wreckage they stared at each other and Jimmy's face was as white as her own. His honest boyish eyes stared at her.

"But you can't do that," he said. None of the pilots who knew his voice so well would have recognized it now. "Did he say he'd do that?"

Her gaze was wary, watchful. "Yes, I think he would like it."

"No," Jimmy said, "you can't do that. You can't!"

"Why?" she said coldly.

"It would ruin him," Jimmy said. "Don't you see? Japp's senior pilot on this division. He's an important guy. He's going places in aviation."

Under her eyes, which were blank and hard, he caught his breath and then went on with fury: "Commercial aviation's just starting. It's growing all the time, and

the men in it—they're about the only pioneers we've got left. We've got a lot of it licked now, and pretty soon we'll be flying transatlantic and transpacific regular with the mail and passengers. We're making the world a small place where everybody can know everybody and visit each other—"

He saw that she was trembling and it hurt him and he stopped. She said, "What's that got to do with Japp?"

"But that's his life!" said Jimmy passionately. "He flew the air mail before we flew passengers. He flew our first regular passenger schedule to Chicago. He's crazy about air lines. Say, he knows more about weather and meteorology than anybody. Japp's helped *make aviation*, and he's got ambitions, and—and—that's a *man's job*."

He faced her squarely.

"Flying a lady's plane all done up with silk curtains and green carpet—that's no job for a guy like Japp Laranzana. And how long do you think he'd last with the air line if they knew—about you? They won't stand for things like that—with a pilot."

"Did you ever meet his wife?" Jimmy asked suddenly.

It was out, and he felt the sweat on his forehead, felt it break out before the flame of deadly anger in her eyes.

"Everybody on the air line likes her," the radio operator said doggedly. "This'd break him. *Break him*. He's been off his feed lately. I can tell. We've all noticed it. His flying's as good as ever—so far. But—he's different. He's nervous and jumpy. He don't take the interest in his work he used to. He won't crack up a ship—not Laranzana—but he'll crack up himself if you don't look out."

HE was alone. She had left him swiftly. He finished fixing the radio, he tuned in the short-wave frequency to his own, he left a little note about the change from day to night. He went out. He cursed loudly and didn't care what she told Japp. But, having seen her, Jimmy was terribly afraid. She had listened, but he knew, somehow, that he hadn't altered her will. The will of the Lorelei is strange, it is unalterable, because they are half of the earth and half of the sea, and because they know so well what loneliness is that they never allow warmth and life and love to escape if they can hold it. But the Lorelei had not counted upon men who flew, who were half of the earth and half of the heavens.

The next week Pilot Laranzana brought over Trip 22, due in Newark at 3.31 in the morning. It wasn't his schedule, but Monty Belford was down with the flu, so Laranzana took it over.

The radio operator sat looking at the one slip on the rack in front of him—he had only one ship in the air. The slip said, "Trip 22—Chicago to Newark—Plane 303—Pilot Laranzana—due Newark 3.31 A. M."

Jimmy got up and looked at the barometer. He went to the glass wall and peered out. Half an hour before it had been icy clear and cold. The landing field had been smooth and white and the stars blue icicles. Now a menacing wind had blown a black curtain of heavy clouds across the sky. Snow had begun to fall. Japp Laranzana wouldn't be afraid of that deadly cold. But that climbing barometer, the sudden warming of the air with soft wet clinging snow—that meant ice on the wings; that meant trouble.

Jimmy looked at the clock.

Japp was due to report over Bellefonte in ten minutes. Bellefonte was an hour out of Newark, in the heart of the mountains.

At 2.37 the radio operator said, "Newark to Laranzana, 303. Report."

In ten seconds he said again, very loudly, "Newark to Laranzana, 303. Report."

There was no answer. . . .

Brigid sat on the floor, her head against the bed, her feet tucked under her. Her face was radiant. This was an extra trip, an extra trip that meant unexpected stolen hours with Japp. He had wired her not to come to the airport at that hour in the morning. She couldn't tell whether that was because he thought some one might see her meet him in the loneliness of that arrival hour, or whether he thought of her comfort. But she had obeyed.

She'd sent the car. He'd be here soon. Life would

begin again. No; that was wrong. It had begun when he left Chicago, when she had first heard his voice coming to her out of the night. As soon as he was off the ground in Chicago, he belonged to her. Sometimes she thought, of all the things she loved about Japp, she loved his voice best. It had come to her in the last hour from Mercer, from Kylertown. "Laranzana to Newark—" and on the end of his report that secret X that meant he was thinking of her, was flying to her.

That radio operator, the boy who had broken her lamp, was listening too, waiting for the call from Bellefonte. Watching the hands of the clock that crept so slowly, she tried not to think of what that boy had said to her. She had been trying not to think of it for two days. She thought, This is my only love, my one love. It's all the happiness I've ever had. None of the other things are important. Japp wouldn't give me up for them. He's happy with me. He finds something with me he's never found before. He wants to stay with me. He doesn't want to do other things. He doesn't want to go adventuring any more. We'll fly to all the places he wants to see. He can do as he likes—he can experiment with my plane. I can't give him up. I won't. Not for anybody or anything. Love like ours is above all other things.

THE jeweled clock said 2.27.

Brigid's eyes were deep pools. Her whole body waited.

The radio operator's voice said, "Newark to Laranzana, 303. Report."

There was no answer.

She counted the ten seconds by the throbbing of her heart.

"Newark to Laranzana, 303. Report."

She went cold when another voice said, "Kylertown to Laranzana, 303. Report." And ten seconds later, still another voice, this time very clear, said, "Cleveland to Laranzana, 303. Report."

They were calling him from the other stations because there might be a gap in the radio. They might reach him. The short wave made ugly buzzing noises like the screaming of angry gods. Brigid tried to swallow. This was something she had dreaded so often that it seemed she had been through it before. She put her face against the radio as though she tried to touch him. "Japp," she said, "you must speak to me. You must."

The voice she knew, the radio operator's voice, said, "Newark to Laranzana, 303. We have not heard you. We missed your call from Bellefonte. Report."

We have not heard you. We have not heard you.

While the radio operator went on carefully giving the weather at Newark, at Floyd Bennett, at Trenton, at Camden, those words went round and round in Brigid's head: "We have not heard you."

Suppose they should never hear him again.

The other stations were repeating at intervals of three or four seconds.

I shall go mad, Brigid thought, if they don't stop. Then, with a sob, prayed that they might not stop; offered a prayer of gratitude that they were trying to reach him through the night, up there in the clouds.

She ran to the window and looked out and broke into desperate sobbing. Why, it had been clear and glittering when she looked last. Now the world was whirling in murky whiteness.

Pictures of the plane falling through that snow, pictures of it shattered against a dark white hillside, drove her up and down the room, sobbing aloud.

"Newark to Laranzana. We have not heard you—"

The static exploded and there was only a confused jumble of sounds.

"He won't crack up a ship—not Japp Laranzana—but he'll crack up himself."

The girl turned swiftly, her eyes green with terror. The voice of the radio operator she knew so well seemed to come to her out of that snapping and screaming of static.

No, the voice couldn't have come from there. It had come from some radio of memory.

"He's nervous and jumpy. He's different. He don't take the interest in his work he used to do. He'll crack up—"

Her heart, that had been so cold, warmed in a flood of pain.

Maybe the radio operator had been wrong. Maybe he would crack up a ship. In the stark terror of her mind, in the anguish of this waiting, suspense was like lightning that revealed to her the things that she had kept hidden from herself.

I'm not good for him.

I do him harm.

He's happy in a mad sort of way when he's with me, but when he's away from me he hates himself. I hold him by only one tie. He doesn't want a girl at the other end of the line. He wants—his work, his wife and decency and a chance to go on with a man's job. I can hold him. But I'm not good for him.

The thoughts whipped her back to the radio, down to her knees.

Where was he? On the ground there would be white-faced men estimating how long he could stay in the air, listening and

preparing for search in the dark cold mountains.

Suppose he had been thinking of her—desiring her with that madness which came upon him—when he should have been thinking of his plane. That was silly. Japp wouldn't. Not ever. But suppose he had.

"Newark to Laranzana, 303. We have not heard you. Report, please." The short wave flung it at her and the radio operator's voice flung heartbreak at her, too.

BRIGID said, "Dear God, if You will let him get down I won't ever see him again. I promise." Childishly she held up her right hand in the unbreakable vow of her youth: "I promise, word of honor. I'll let him go—back to her, back to his airplanes. He'll miss me, but he'll get over it. Please, God, show him the way down—please, God—"

The tears dripped through her fingers. It was cold and lonely upon the rocks. Forever and ever.

"For his sake—" she said aloud.

It just happened. Of course she knew that. One of those coincidences that must be just something that happened; that a Lorelei cannot admit to be an answer to prayer.

A voice said, "Laranzana, 303, to Newark. I'm over Martin's Creek at 3,000. My radio went out."

Slowly the girl reached up and turned off the short wave.

In the bright noonday sun of his Chicago office, George Cavanaugh said brusquely into the telephone, "I'm very glad to hear it. I'll make reservations on the night plane to Miami for you."

"No," said Brigid. "No. I'll go on the train."

THE END

Coming Next Week in Liberty

Has This Woman SUPER

IF I gave you her real name you would recognize it at once, for it has been on everybody's lips as that of the author of a famous best seller. But she will not permit that yet, so I shall call her simply "Evelyn."

She sat on the couch in the living room of my apartment. Before the evening was over I realized I was in the presence of one who was not only a great author but also a mystery woman—mysterious to most of us because she probably represents the advance guard of the next type of human beings who will inhabit our globe.

The true story I am about to tell you will doubtless cause you to think I am a gullible believer in the supernatural, but any one who knows me and my work can testify that I am just the opposite. I rate, and have rated for years, as an extremely rationalistic scientific-minded humanist. Therefore I am seeking the truth at any cost, even if the facts upset some of my theories—and yours.

On that memorable evening only a few weeks ago, Mrs. Potter handed Evelyn a little brooch. It had been worn by my wife's mother, who died a few months ago. Evelyn did not know whose brooch it had been, nor had she known Grammy. Almost immediately she said, "I see some one with a very straight back."

Now that seemed a bad start, for Grammy had, when she died, at ninety-two, a back bent from many summers at blueberry picking and many winters braiding rugs. But Evelyn went on to say, "Which might mean a physically straight back, or an upright disposition and somewhat stubborn. I am afraid I'm not being tactful."

Evelyn was on the right track now, for Grammy was as unyielding as the rock of Gibraltar, and her disposition was as upright as her back was bent.

At the next words from Evelyn—who was now completely relaxed, with closed eyes—I jumped from my chair and looked at my equally startled but more composed wife. For the words were, "Now, this is funny, and doesn't seem to make sense. I see blueberries everywhere—blueberry bushes all around. And there are rocks—at least the soil has a very rocky substratum."

I have not yet recovered from the thrill of that moment. I knew at once that here was evidence of something marvelous, an extraordinary power of the human mind!

For, mind you, Grammy's particular obsession was blueberries! She lived through the winter in the hope of gathering them again the next summer on our Adirondack farm, and all summer long she picked them, no matter how hot the day. It was blackberries, however, that she was picking when she fell and got her mortal hurt on a ledge jutting from the rocky substratum.

How did Evelyn know about blueberries and the rocks? Here was no tricky medium in the dark room of a spiritualistic séance, but a lovely educated modern young woman in the full light of our own living room. But that was only the beginning. She went on, "I see a chair with a rush seat."

That was the chair Grammy sat in at every meal.

"She has nursed many people." True enough.

"I see three steps going up to a porch. The porch is not the main entrance to the house. It is low and is at the back or side of the house." This was somewhat confused. I wanted to break in and ask questions.

The porch of our country house has no steps, but it is at the back or side of the house, and it is low. Grammy

liked to have her meals there, sitting in the rush chair.

"She dragged herself round for awhile, and then was bedridden for a time; I don't know why."

Grammy had fallen on the rocks a hundred yards from the house, and had dragged herself painfully, foot by foot, to a seat near the house. With a fractured pelvis, she was bedridden three weeks, until she died.

"I see a chair that is something like a rocker but isn't. Not a straight chair either." That was the chair into which my son and I eased Grammy and carried her into the house. It was one of those new adjustable reclining lawn chairs, neither rocker nor straight.

"She has seen many people pass on before her." Naturally, when she lived ninety-two years.

"A small pail with straight sides." Grammy's berrying pail.

"There is another Charlie."

I was Charlie number one, evidently. The other was another son-in-law who arrived at the Adirondack camp, not knowing that Grammy was hurt, and visited her in the hospital afterward.

"I see a starched house dress, light-colored, with little sprigs of flowers on it." A perfect description of Grammy's favorite dress, at the throat of which she wore the brooch which Evelyn was now holding in her hand. Did a picture of that dress get physically photographed on the stone of the brooch? But Evelyn, eyes shut, was continuing, "I see long windows and a large fireplace. And I see her bending over something, even kneeling over it."

Characteristic of our Adirondack house are the long windows and the large fireplace. And bending over something, and kneeling, was either the berry picking or the rug making.

The final and most convincing remark came after a pause when Evelyn was getting weary—just two words and a gesture: "Enlarged

joints." And then Evelyn stroked her shapely finger joints in exactly the same unmistakable way that Grammy used to caress her protuberant ones.

I knew then that Evelyn, in some as yet not understood way, had pierced through time and space and had actually seen the figure of my wife's mother as she moved about the camp two hundred miles away and months ago.

The next thing that Evelyn did was even more interesting from the scientific point of view. When my wife and I had known that she was coming to our home, I had suggested that she be given a brooch formerly belonging to a somewhat eccentric one-time parishioner of ours, of whom I must relate briefly two anecdotes so that you may appreciate to the full Evelyn's picture of her.

Mrs. H. arrived at the parsonage as soon as we had the furniture arranged, and immediately said to my wife, "That couch shouldn't be there: it should be over here, and that chair should be in this corner. We never have it this way in the parsonage."

My wife looked at the domineering little old lady, walked right up to her, and said, "This is the parsonage, true enough, but while I am living in it, it is my home, and I shall arrange the furniture as I please."

I was aghast, for peace in the parish was more important to me than furniture arrangement; but to my surprise and relief, Mrs. H. actually embraced my wife and said, "My dear child, I've been waiting for years to find a minister's wife with spunk. You're right about it, and you and I will get along famously."

The Mystery of Evelyn— A Thrilling Account of Plain Facts with a Breath-Taking Meaning

by the
**Rev. Dr. CHARLES
FRANCIS
POTTER**

READING TIME • 16 MINUTES 15 SECONDS

NATURAL POWER?

A few weeks later Mrs. H. handed my wife a check for one hundred dollars and asked her to give it to me.

"But what is it for? What do you want him to do with it?" asked Mrs. Potter, thinking it was for some fund for which I had asked donations.

"It's for him," said Mrs. H. "I don't care what he does with it. Tell him to light his dirty old pipe with it."

When, at length, the old lady died she willed to my wife a very valuable brooch, and that was the one I had suggested be handed to Evelyn.

So when I saw the second brooch appear, I was keen to see how well Evelyn would "get" Mrs. H.'s fiery spirit. Immediately she said, "Very marked personality, almost like an old Tartar, a martinet, but very warmhearted and extremely loyal."

Evelyn went on for some time with accurate description, even to a gray silk dress and a very peculiar handwriting, "with closed r's and very fine t's and l's."

Rapidly Evelyn continued for twenty minutes of vivid description until it seemed to me that the old lady stood again before me. Evelyn told of Mrs. H.'s connection with a woman leader and her arguments with a missionary. Then she said the most convincing thing of all: "It seems silly to say it, but her name is not quite my name, and if you translate it, you will have something which means what mine does." Which was perfectly true, and I wish I could tell you the two names, but I respect a great author's desire for anonymity when this type of thing is still suspect, owing to the tricksters who make a living out of it.

"Well, did I get it right?" asked Evelyn smilingly.

"Wonderful!" I exclaimed. "You couldn't have described her better if you had known her." And, turning to Mrs. Potter, I said, "Wasn't that extraordinarily accurate?"

"I didn't think so," she said. "Whose pin did you think that was?"

"Why, Mrs. H.'s, of course—the one we agreed on."

"No," said Mrs. Potter; "that was another one of Grammy's!" So Evelyn had read not the brooch but my mind! And I felt queer about it and rather disturbed.

Then Evelyn brought forth from her handbag several objects wrapped in tissue paper and handed one of them to Mrs. Potter, saying, "See what you get from that."

MRS. POTTER held the little parcel in her hand and said, "I see a white cylindrical object, something like a small candle. Now it begins to glow on the upper end, as if the candle had been lighted. And I see brownish-gray oval leaves, many of them, and now there are smaller round spots, darker, superimposed on the leaves. And I see, now, a shower of sparks."

Evelyn smiled and said, "Well, you're pretty good," as she unwrapped the object: a flat smooth oval brownish-gray stone in which were several circular holes of uneven depth but of the same diameter, about the size of one's little-finger end.

"A friend sent me this from California, where he picked it up on the beach from among many others. The



DR. POTTER

She said to her employer, "I have supernatural powers and I'm going to prove it. You just brought a new briefcase into the office. I can tell you what is in it."

round holes were made by some sort of boring sea worm. Your leaves were, of course, the many stones, and you got the holes rather well. But I don't understand the white cylindrical object glowing on the end—or the sparks."

The talk turned to something else for a minute or two and then Evelyn suddenly interrupted the conversation by saying, "Wait a minute. Now I know. You were much better than I realized. This is very significant. I just remembered that today I had begun a cigarette and the doorbell rang. I happened to be alone and I had to answer it, and I quickly stuck the cigarette in a hole in this stone, lighted end up. There was ash on it, and in my haste I blew it off so vigorously that it sent out a little shower of sparks."

Many times since I have continued the experiments with various objects, testing Evelyn and Mrs. Potter both, with startling results sometimes, and at other times with indifferent success. I have varied conditions and have kept careful shorthand notes, taken at the time. I have read eagerly the literature of telepathy, clairvoyance, and psychometry, all of which is now called by the psychologists, "extrasensory perception," but I find most of it disappointing compared with the work of Evelyn.

Recently I asked her when she did her best work. Her answer surprised me: "When I'm tired, or when I'm angry and trying to suppress it. The other evening I was at a bridge party. A casual cutting remark was made

about a friend of mine. I was boiling, but, being a guest, I could say nothing. But the state of suppressed rage so clarified this perceptive faculty of mine that I could 'see' the hands of all at the table. It really wasn't fair of me to continue playing, but as my anger subsided their cards faded from my view."

Lest that seem incredible, let me interject here a corroborative incident. A psychologist friend of mine has been working for two years studying the case of a wealthy New York business man who has powers somewhat similar to those of Evelyn. Among other facts, this psychologist recently told me that this business man was approached in a Pullman by three card sharps who asked him to sit in on a game of poker. He refused, but their insistence made him suspect them, so he determined to teach them a lesson. He won every pot, to their amazement, in spite of their tricks.

As he handed them back their money, he said smilingly, "Gentlemen, the next time you pick a sucker, don't pick a man who can not only read your cards but who can also read your minds as to how you intend to play them!"

I asked Evelyn how long she had had this supernormal power. She said that she thought she had always had it.

"It was first noticed by my family when I was two years old. With an older sister I went on an errand to the home of a violinist. I had never been on that street before, which was a long row of houses identically alike, but I ran ahead of my sister and up the steps of the right house. Then, when I was four and a half, I ran, suddenly crying, to my mother, who thought I was hurt and asked me why I cried. I said, 'Because I feel sorry for you.' A half-hour later she received a telegram announcing her father's death.

"The hardest thing for me to learn was that every one did not see things the way I did. That got me into a lot of trouble, and caused trouble for others, too.

"I remember that at the age of eleven I had two girl chums who, as little girls will, teased me by having a mutual secret and keeping it from me. I was walking along between them to school one day, when one of them said to the other mysteriously and purposely to let me know they had a secret, 'Did you do it?'

"'Yes,' I said, before the other one could answer. 'Did you take a bite of your apple at two minutes past eight last night?'

"They both stopped short, and each accused the other of having told me. They were enemies for months thereafter, and although they are grown women now, I know each thinks the other told me, although neither had. I just knew. After that I became more careful, but I have always had a hard time trying to keep separate the things I am supposed to know and the things I know but am not supposed to.

"Before I became a successful author I worked in an office, and there I frequently found myself in embarrassing situations because I knew what was in locked files and in other departments. Several times the boss asked, 'But how do you know that?' Finally I knew that I was unjustly suspected of snooping into things after hours, and determined to explain matters in order to clear my reputation, even if it lost me my job."

ONE day Evelyn found her opportunity. Something had occurred which showed her to be possessed of knowledge of private matters, and things had come to a showdown. So she said to her employer, "I know you suspect me of prying. But the truth is I have supernormal powers, and I'm going to prove it to you. You just brought a new briefcase into the office. I can tell you what is in it."

And to his amazement she did so, even to a lease of an apartment which he had just taken, of which no one in the office knew. She kept her position, and he, who previously had pooh-poohed such matters, became much interested in extrasensory perception and is now one of the best informed men in America on that subject.

Is this strange power of Evelyn's transmissible by heredity? It would seem so, for she has a son, of whom she told me, "He and I communicate frequently by telepathy. One time, when I was with a party of friends, the car ran out of gasoline late at night on a lonely road. It was nine miles either way to a filling station. One of the men

proposed to walk the nine miles. I objected, saying that I would call my son. I sat on a rock by the roadside and simply shouted, in my mind, calling him to come and help.

"At that moment he was getting into bed. Suddenly he said to his chum, 'What was that?' The friend had heard nothing, but my son said, 'Mother is calling me.' They both dressed, and he soon arrived at the scene."

Now, I am aware that telepathy and clairvoyance have been known for many years, but these powers have been looked upon askance because they have been exploited by charlatans. Recently, however, such eminent scientists as Drs. Carrel, Rhine, MacDougall, and Huxley have openly declared that extrasensory perception is a fact. Just how it works we do not yet know. But if you had sat in the same room with Evelyn, and had tested her as I have time and again with every scientific precaution, and had heard her quiet remarks about the disguised objects she held in her hands, you would say, as I do, that here we have a power of the human mind which heralds a new age for man, once we understand it.

RECENTLY I selected a number of objects, wrapped them securely and with malice aforethought, and took them to her. I handed her the little silver "baby spoon" with which one of my sons had learned to eat. She said immediately, "Child." Then she said, "Japanese doll," which was one of his playthings. She described the room where he used to play, even to the carpet. She named his other playthings.

I gave her a photograph of my mother, standing among hollyhocks. She said, "Leaves and flowers," and then went on to describe my mother and her recent sickness. She even described my father as he appeared in a photograph which came in the same envelope with the picture of my mother.

I gave her a book by Houdini, and she said, "Tricks."

Then I said, "I have here something with which I am testing you for just one thing—your first impression."

As she took it from my hand she smiled and said, "Speaking as a friend, if I were you, I'd be careful."

It was an old-fashioned razor I had picked up in the subway!

How does she do it? I do not know, neither does she, nor do the professors. But I am convinced that she has to an unusual degree what many of us have to a lesser degree. Mrs. Potter and Mrs. Upton Sinclair, both of whom have this power to a remarkable extent, claim that anybody can do these things if he puts his mind to it and learns the method of relaxed concentration. Professor Julian S. Huxley, England's leading scientist, recently stated (September 10, 1936) that such extrasensory activities "might be developed until they were as commonly distributed as, say, musical or mathematical gifts are today."

Such a development would change our whole civilization. That is why I hope Evelyn is an advance messenger of a new type of human being.

If this power of hers became common, and we learned the law underlying it and the technique of perfecting it, think what would ensue! Scientific research would be put on a new basis, many of the mysteries of religion would be explained, prophecy would be re-established, all our present means of communication, including radio, would be rendered obsolete, and war would be made impossible!

Why do I claim that this emerging power of man will end war? War is based on secret strategy. Persons endowed with extrasensory perception, whom I call "espers" for short, would be able to discover the strategy of the enemy, even if they were safe within their own country. War would be impossible if all plans were known. Secret diplomacy would be eliminated. Surprise attacks would end.

A dozen good espers would be worth more than a thousand spies.

We have but to take extrasensory perception seriously, to recognize that telepathy is a fact, and then seek to understand its laws and perfect its technique. Then we shall take a long stride ahead in human evolution toward a better world.

THE END



Accidents Will Happen

by

DAVID WILLIAM MOORE



READING TIME ● 5 MINUTES 15 SECONDS

JEFF TODD stood with his back to the red-hot stove, hunching his broad shoulders and slapping his hips so the heat would penetrate. He glanced around at the half dozen other men in the store. They made no sign of being aware he had come in.

His lips curled into a leer. "A hound dog looks right smart like a deer," he said, as if sensing what the other men were thinking, "especially when it's off yonder maybe a hundred yards through the brush."

There was no comment.

"Al Sommers," went on Todd, "ain't got no call to yap so much about losing a dog. He acts as if I done it on purpose."

Merl Howard, the merchant, looked over from behind the counter. "Al thought a heap of old Shep."

"It wasn't nothing but a barking fool hound," countered Todd. "If you lived just down the road from him like I do—"

One of the loungers yawned and looked out the window. "A barking dog," he opined, "sometimes is worth a heap. He lets folks know when there's skunks around."

"Yeah," joined in another man. "It's a serious thing to shoot a feller's dog. Can't blame him for being sore."

"Well"—and Todd shrugged indifferently—"he's always sore about something. He blamed me when his line fence fell down. And when his haystack burned he said I done it. I had to give him a good beating once, and I can do it again if he shoots off his mouth too much."

At this point the door opened and Al Sommers walked into the store. He stamped the snow from his feet, brushed his collar, and looked around, nodding. He didn't seem to see Jeff Todd. The atmosphere was tense.

Al went over to the counter. "I'm needing some coffee, Merl," he said. "And a pound of sugar. If Martha thinks of anything else, she'll probably stop in."

"How's everything, Al?" Howard inquired agreeably.

The farmer shrugged. "There ain't anything new to complain about this morning, I reckon, except that the deer have been peeling some of my apple trees. I'm not a hunter, but I reckon I'll have to shoot some of them critters if I want to protect my orchard."

"Bad storm," offered Merl.

"Yes; I hear that the drifts are so bad down around Muskegon the busses have stopped. I've got to drive

over to Hart for the grange meeting this evening. It's going to be tough driving. I'll be lucky if I get home at all, I reckon. These Michigan winters are almost too much for an automobile."

When Al went out Jeff Todd took a chew of tobacco and spat contemptuously at the sawdust box. "You fellers noticed," he sneered, "that Sommers didn't have anything to say to me about that old dog, eh?"

Probably no one would have answered this bravado. However, there was no opportunity to do so, because the front door creaked open again and Martha Sommers walked in. She was a good-looking woman, more like a city woman, somehow, than a farmer's wife. She had smoldering black eyes and soft lips.

She nodded to the men at the stove, but her eyes seemed to linger an instant as she looked at Todd. It was interesting, that look she gave him, her being so sly about it. As if everybody in the whole community—excepting Al, maybe—didn't know.

Al had married her four or five years ago down in Detroit. Nobody knew anything about her; yet everybody knew all about her. It was sort of pitiful the way Al seemed to worship her. What made it worse was that folks liked Al. He was a good, honest, hard-working fellow.

THAT evening Merl Howard's store was crowded with men and women who had hurried in from miles around. It must have been about nine thirty when the news spread miraculously that a murder had been committed.

A bit to one side, Al Sommers sat glumly, staring vacantly at the floor. Al had committed the murder. He had killed Jeff Todd, and had come to the store to telephone the sheriff. He was waiting for the officer to arrive.

The sheriff came bustling in. "All right," he announced officiously. "Where's the man? Oh, it's you, is it, Al? My wife didn't get the name. Well, you tell me what happened while I warm up a bit."

Al looked up disconsolately. "It

was a—a sort of accident, sheriff," he began. "The deer have been peeling my apple trees, so I decided I'd have to do something about it. So, when I started for the grange meeting this evening—"

A murmur of understanding ran through the crowd. "Where was the meeting?" demanded the sheriff.

"Why—er—" stammered Al, "there really wasn't any meeting. But I thought there was one over at Hart. Then, after I got down the road a ways, I happened to remember that the meeting had been postponed till next week. So I turned around and went back."

"Yes?"

"Well, when I drove into my yard I thought about them deer. I had brought my rifle along, thinking that maybe I might get a shot or two at them when I came in late—that is, if it cleared up and the moon was out. So, as I got out of the car to open the barn door, I thought of the deer and looked over toward my orchard. I saw something moving. It was still snowing and I couldn't see very well, but I thought it would be a deer, because all my stock was in the barn. I shot—saw it fall. Then I ran over—and it was Jeff Todd."

"Um," said the sheriff.

"So you see," concluded Al, "I figure it was a sort of accident. If it hadn't been for them deer, and if Jeff Todd hadn't been in my orchard—"

The sheriff reached down his hand and patted Al's shoulder. "It *was* an accident, partner. And there'll be nobody arrested for what happened. Maybe there'll be an inquest, but you don't need to worry."

Presently, after both the sheriff and Al Sommers had left the store, the crowd seemed to be hanging back for some sort of expression. Bright faces, mild joshing, a chuckle here and there, indicated the crime had been cleared to the satisfaction of all.

Then Merl Howard spoke calmly and innocently: "A hound dog looks right smart like a deer, especially when it's off yonder maybe a hundred yards through the brush."

THE END

JAFSIE

ANSWERS THE AMERICAN BAR ASSOCIATION

READING TIME • 9 MINUTES 30 SECONDS

RECENTLY the newspapers reported a meeting of the American Bar Association in Boston. At that meeting a special committee on "publicity in criminal trials" criticized me for writing a series of articles "for a national magazine" concerning the part I played in the Lindbergh case.

The "national magazine" was *Liberty*. The series of articles appeared under the title: *Jafsie Tells All!* It was the one and only authorized story of my complete part in the case. Every word of it was the truth. Everything in it remains, today, uncontradicted and in entire accord with my testimony at the trial—yet I was publicly criticized by the American Bar Association's special committee.

To use their own words, I was "decidedly out of place" in writing my story. The reported implication, as carried in New York newspapers, was that I had permitted my story to be published while the case still was pending and while the fate of Hauptmann was still undecided.

I challenge these statements.

I would like to bring three pertinent things to the attention of the special committee of the American Bar Association in the pages of *Liberty*:

1. The special committee of the American Bar Association in publicly finding me "out of place" did not present the complete facts of the situation truthfully.

2. The spokesman for the American Bar Association's special committee was, when he sprang into print with criticism, himself "decidedly out of place."

3. I feel the time has arrived to set forth a few salient facts that have never been published. They will, I trust, further clarify my oft-stated position.

According to newspaper accounts of the Bar Association incident, the report which criticized me also took to task His Excellency Governor Harold G. Hoffman of New Jersey, at least one member of the defense counsel, and, by implication, Prosecuting Attorney David Wilentz.

The criticism of any one but myself is not my affair and it is not my intention to comment, despite the fact my personal admiration of the faultless handling of the case by the Attorney General makes me feel that he is deserving, should he wish it, of the highest office that the people of New Jersey can offer him.

However, when in a newspaper account I am mentioned unfavorably and in the same paragraph with His Excellency, and when I am judged by a committee that patently does not bring out the facts of the case, then I most certainly do wish to comment. I trust that the earnest and honorable members of the great American Bar Association will understand my feelings.

Let me first dispose of the erroneous charge that my story was published before the fate of Hauptmann had been decided and while the case still was pending.

In February, 1935, by due process of law, a jury of his peers found Bruno Richard Hauptmann guilty.

In the long months between his arrest and trial I might have rushed into print with my story. Its monetary value would have been far greater then. Yet I kept my own counsel. Only Attorney General Wilentz knew what my testimony would be. I made no public statements. I did nothing which might have prejudiced any one against the man who later was convicted. I played fair—the only way I have ever played the game of life.

During all that time the newspapers were depicting me

as a cross between an irresponsible old man and a clown. Those malicious descriptions went unchallenged.

Then the jury brought in its verdict at Flemington. Hauptmann was found guilty. And still I had not told a word of my story.

The convicted man, meanwhile, wished to publish his autobiography to raise funds. An appeal was pending, and prison authorities, I believe, refused him permission to release his story until the higher court had reached a decision.

It was reached on October 9, 1935, when the New Jersey Court of Errors and Appeals—the highest court in the state—denied Hauptmann a new trial.

The ban against Hauptmann's autobiography was immediately lifted. Two days later it was reported sold. Shortly after that, it appeared in print.

My story still remained untold.

On December 9, 1935, a review of Hauptmann's conviction was refused by the highest court in the nation—the Supreme Court of the United States.

A month later the New Jersey Court of Pardons refused to grant Hauptmann clemency.

On January 15, 1936, the United States District Court refused the convicted man a writ of habeas corpus.

On January 16 the United States Supreme Court declined for the second time to review his conviction.

In the issue of *Liberty* dated January 18, 1936, the first installment of my story appeared.

EVERY legal body in the country having jurisdiction had been appealed to by the convicted man's attorneys. The original verdict of guilty had been affirmed five times. Yet I was criticized for publishing my story "while the case was still pending."

I respectfully submit that the case was over long before my story was presented to the public that knew me only as the strange person created by newspaper inaccuracies.

In all fairness, I wish to point out that the issue of *Liberty* in which the first installment appeared, while dated January 18, 1936, actually went on sale ten days earlier.

But it must be remembered that, well before it went on sale, the highest court in the State of New Jersey and the highest court in the United States both had affirmed the original conviction.

I can only deduce this logical conclusion:

Certain members of the committee of the American Bar Association, swayed either by their interpretation of justice or urged on by their enthusiasm, would like to turn the judiciary power of the United States into a set of purely technical regulations intended to place a bandage over the mouths of honest and right-minded citizens, and to remove the eye bandage of Justice.

Freedom of speech is still guaranteed under the Constitution. And the suppression of truth serves no useful purpose in any situation where facts are the goal.

In giving my story to *Liberty* I transgressed no law. I acted at all times in good faith. And I stand ready to apologize publicly to the American Bar Association—before whom I am willing to appear in person at any time—should they find me unable to explain satisfactorily, to the most skeptical of their committee members, my every action and statement. No man can impugn my motives. No man can establish that I have been wanting in decency

or that I made the slightest deviation from those principles of rectitude that have guided me for so many years.

There is more than a little irony in the situation attending publication of the special committee's report.

The accounts of several newspapers that I read coincided as to the circumstances in which I was publicly charged with being "decidedly out of place."

On August 26, at Boston, a member of the American Bar Association's special committee on "publicity in criminal trials" released the statement to the press.

Immediately afterward, William L. Ransom, president of the Bar Association, issued a follow-up statement in which he said: "The publication [of the committee's report] was unauthorized."

The committee member, therefore, seems to have been committing the very error for which he had taken the trouble publicly to criticize me.

In all fairness, too, I would call attention here to the fact that the report was not, in the end, officially approved by the American Bar Association itself and thus did not represent the authorized views of that body. It occurs to me that if the members of the committee had read my story they might have understood all the facts and withheld their criticism.

That story was my vindication. A vindication to which, I submit, I was entitled. A vindication long delayed. It was more than a vindication—and this phase has never found its way into print until now.

WHEN I engaged in the Lindbergh case I had but one motive. No man can challenge it. I wanted to return the stolen child to his mother's arms. My efforts did not cease after I had been double-crossed. I pursued my thankless search until justice finally had been meted out. That was my oath. I kept it faithfully.

During the four years when all of my time and energy were being devoted to investigation of the case, I received not a cent of payment. Investigation is expensive. My searches carried me from Canada to Miami. No tip went uninvestigated. My normal modest expenses grew enormously during those years until, finally, I found my personal funds depleted.

During this time, one magazine after another made me generous offers for my own story of the case. Accepting one of these offers would have been a simple expedient, readily justified. Yet, fearful lest premature publica-



"No man can impugn my motives. I acted in good faith in giving my story to Liberty."

An Outspoken Rejoinder and Challenge to Lawyer-Critics Concerning the Propriety of His Revelations in Liberty

by Dr. JOHN F. CONDON

The only one of his many medals he hasn't sold: his Congressional one for lifesaving.



tion might defeat the very cause for which I strove unceasingly, I refused to release a word of the story.

The return of the baby; the ultimate triumph of justice—these transcended all other considerations.

My funds gone, I still refused to discontinue my investigation. I possessed a valuable diamond horseshoe pin. For years I had treasured it. I sold it to obtain money. Later, again in need of funds, I gathered together the highly prized trophies of my college days. There were seventy-two medals, many of them solid gold, all of them hard-won personal possessions with which I had believed I would never part.

I parted with all of them but one. That one, which I could not persuade myself to relinquish, was a Congressional medal awarded me for lifesaving.

I POSSESSED, too, a number of presentation watches. They had gold cases. I went to see a jeweler and made a deal whereby he substituted aluminum cases and paid me a certain sum in addition for the trade.

As I have said, offers for my story did not tempt me at this time. I wished a court of justice to pass upon the accused man before I made it public. When that court passed upon him, I started to write it.

Incidentally, during those court sessions at Flemington I saw no evidence of a "whirl of excitement" which the special committee of the American Bar Association, in its report, also asserted to have existed during the trial. The sessions of court which I attended were so orderly you could have heard a pin drop. I found no disturbance, no "whirl," no interruptions. A man's life was at stake, and those who were there seemed fully mindful of that solemn fact. What happened at sessions I did not attend I cannot say, but I repeat that I observed no "whirl of excitement."

When that court had passed upon Hauptmann and determined his fate, and when, subsequently, the highest courts of state and nation had upheld it, I sold my story to Liberty. The time for vindication had arrived. And I am proud, today, of the 2,600 complimentary letters that came in following publication of my articles.

My intentions today are as honorable as they were when I entered the Lindbergh case. I am proud to let the whole civilized world judge of my motives and actions in it.

I am poorer today than when I entered the case.

Of that fact, too, I am proud.

THE END

But the Melody Lingers On

by

JULIAN FIELD

*A Blithe, Surprising Tale from
Behind the Scenes in the Maze of
Radioland—The Story of a Song, a
Million Dollars, and a Lovely Lady*

READING TIME • 23 MINUTES 15 SECONDS

THE illuminated sign over the doorway of Studio B glared in crimson letters: STUDIO IN USE—KEEP OUT.

Just to make triply sure that no one disobeyed and that there would not be even a chance violation of the secrecy he had planned, John Kerrigan had posted his secretary Izzy and two private detectives at the door. The president of Colossal Broadcasting Company, fat pompous little Jo Kaufman himself, couldn't have crashed the gate. Kerrigan was taking no chances with the secrecy of this rehearsal.

For there was a million dollars in that studio—a million beautiful dollars. It wasn't there in yellow metal and green paper, but in the slender white baton of Lanny Green, in the bright brass of the trumpets in his band, in the wooden treasure boxes of the fiddles. It was locked behind the black and white keys of the piano, and stored in the throat of Johnny Morrow, the band's plush-voiced crooner. It was there behind the bars of the music sheets bearing Kelvin Parr's latest composition—a specially written song just for this crisis in Kerrigan's business affairs. And that million dollars was locked more than anywhere else, really, in the brain of John Kerrigan, seated there in the tiny chromium-and-plate-glass control room with Parr and the sound engineer.

For this was the rehearsal for the most important radio audition of years. A new show—for Federal Oil—\$10,000 to be spent every week, 52 weeks a year, just for the talent. A two-year contract to the winning band, paying over half a million dollars a year—and a generous percentage of it for Kerrigan. He would have hired the New York police force and the state militia, had he been



able, to guard those studio doors against any leakage. For gossip travels even faster in the radio world than in a suburb—and Kerrigan was taking no chances.

It was just such precautions, such meticulous attention to every detail, that had made John Kerrigan, at thirty-nine, the most successful merchant of entertainment in New York. You found stars under Kerrigan's management on the movie lots of Hollywood, on the stages of Broadway theaters, and in radio studios from coast to coast—all earning four-figure weekly salaries, and all paying part of them to him. His swift secret maneuverings, his gift for discovering and exploiting new talent, his shrewdness in driving home a deal, his geometric skill in never overlooking a possible angle were legends in his profession.

His face was lean and deeply tanned, while his hair was vividly, prematurely white. Not iron-gray or silver, but a pure striking white. His eyes were ice-blue against the sunburned skin, and there were fine white wrinkles at the corners. They were clear direct eyes, but non-committal. Diplomat's eyes. His coats possessed those deep and careless creases where the sleeve joins the shoulder that is the authentic hallmark of Savile Row; his linen was simple and costly; his gloves and hats were ever immaculate and never looked new. His manner was casual and friendly, and only his restless fingers betrayed the stress under which he constantly worked. They ceaselessly fiddled with a pencil or a cigarette. They



McCarr leaped to his feet, flung his smoldering cigar to the rich carpet. His face was a royal purple.

ILLUSTRATION
BY
EDGAR MCGRAW

fiddled at this moment with the script of the program in rehearsal on the other side of the plate glass.

Page 10—now they were coming into the big special number Kelvin Parr, acknowledged king of song writers, had written just for this audition.

He counted on this number; planned it as the high spot of the show. He had guaranteed Parr a startling sum for its composition. It was a blue and sultry melody—a “torch number”; and its lyrics were shrewdly dumb, simple, and direct. For a week Lanny Green, Parr, and a staff of arrangers had labored over the production of this number. Kerrigan was counting on it to show off the cleverness and versatility of Green’s band. There were only two bands left in the race now—Lanny Green’s and Tony Taylor’s.

Kerrigan wanted this contract for Green—wanted it more than he had ever wanted anything in his business career. Not just for the money, lavish as that was. But because, above all else, he didn’t want Tony Taylor to get the job. Here was a major score to settle!

Once he had fought and schemed and planned for Tony Taylor as he now was fighting for Green. Once Tony Taylor had been a shining star in his constellation of clients. A keen, handsome boy, a natural musician, Kerrigan had found him, a Princeton senior, leading a college band because he needed the money—and because he loved to lead a band. Kerrigan had groomed him, made him slave and study over the intricacies of harmony, made him

serve as an arranger to a famous bandmaster, and then finally helped him build a band of his own. In two years Taylor was a national celebrity and earning three thousand a week. And then he married Marcia Lane—and left Kerrigan’s management.

Not that the two events had anything to do with each other. They didn’t—even remotely. For both Kerrigan and Marcia were suffering from the same manifestations of Tony’s trouble.

The good ladies of the W. C. T. U. will tell you that strong drink has ruined many a bright career. No doubt it has. But there is a headier, stronger draught, and far more ruinous, that only a few can partake of and survive. The wine of sudden prosperity—the heady potion of swift success. It got Tony hard. His hat size changed overnight. He became intolerant of all advice, suggestion, help—he who had so eagerly listened before. From a charming friendly youngster, he changed swiftly into a self-important and pompous ass.

Marcia appeared one day in Kerrigan’s office. She sat there, enameled in a brittle and shining poise; but suddenly it cracked and she dropped her head down upon his desk and sobbed as if her heart were cracking too. “It’s too horrible,” she told him, “this change in Tony. I woke up one morning and found myself married to some one else.”

Kerrigan poured a pony of brandy and made her drink it. “Be patient,” he advised. “He’ll get over it. Don’t

forget he's young and success has come awfully fast."

"Thanks to you."

"Thanks for the orchids," he replied. Nice kid, Marcia. Damn swell girl. "But don't forget that Tony drips with talent."

"And conceit," she said.

"Just a passing phase," he assured her. "He's regular at heart. He'll get over it."

"He'd better," she said, "because I can't stand him much longer the way he is. I love that boy, John, and you know it. I'd live in one room and cook on a hot plate and darn his socks if I had to. I mean the old Tony—not this perpetual-motion phonograph I'm married to now; this puffed-up and conceited—"

"Easy," said Kerrigan. "Listen to your old father confessor. I'm telling you, he'll get over it."

I hope—he added to himself. I hope so for you and me both. Because if he doesn't you'll be in Reno and I won't be managing Tony Taylor's band.

One day, in a final sullen explosive session, Kerrigan flipped a slip of paper across the leather top of his desk to Tony.

"Your release," he said abruptly. "A signed release from your contract. You want to quit? Well, I'm not holding you. Good-by and good luck."

LISTENING in the audition room to the final mounting chorus of Kelvin Parr's number, Kerrigan felt that sudden electric tingle that a showman feels with his sixth sense and his fingertips and all his nerve ends when he knows he has come upon a hit, a new sensation.

"That's got it," he whispered to Parr. "Pure dynamite. But its title, far as I'm concerned, is Tony Taylor's Funeral March. If this doesn't win the program for Lanny Green, then nothing can!"

Almost as if the words "Tony Taylor" had been a cue, Kerrigan's secretary, Izzy, slid into the control room. "Marcia Taylor on the phone, boss. She says it's impera—impera—she says you gotta come to the phone."

"Tell her to hold on. We'll be through here in three minutes," he said, consulting the script and his stop watch. "I'll talk to her then."

Two hours later Marcia and Kerrigan sat over the coffee and white crème de menthe frappé that ended their luncheon in a far corner of the 21 Club. She looked very lovely, Kerrigan thought, in her gray tailleur with a double silver fox slung gallantly across her shoulders. Her eyes were gray—and falsely gay. Her voice through luncheon had been too bright.

"Well," he remarked, "we've talked about all the new shows, the new books, the old faces, and how the weather's been in Connecticut. I've told you two new Sam Goldwyn stories and you've told me one new Dorothy Parker wisecrack. Now let's drop the polite conversation and get down to cases. What's on your mind?"

"It's Tony," she said. "He's unbearable!"

"That's news," he answered. "Have you heard that the former Prince of Wales is now the King of England?"

"No gags, please," she protested. "You've got to help me."

"What is it you want me to do?"

"Tony's got to lose that Federal Oil competition," she burst out. "You've got to keep him from getting that contract!"

"I don't understand," said Kerrigan slowly. "Of course I'm doing everything in the world I can to get Green the job. He's my client; and besides, I have a score to settle with Tony. But I don't understand you. This program would mean nearly a million dollars to Tony—a lifetime fortune. And you're Tony's wife. I don't get it!"

"Yes, I'm his wife," she answered. "And I like a million dollars as well as any one else. But I won't go on being his wife, the way he is now. And he'll be worse with more success. I can't stand it any more, John." Her voice shook. "I can't stand it, I tell you! You'll never know



what temperament is until you see Tony now. Why, yesterday at rehearsal he smashed Jake Krasna's violin to splinters because Jake dared argue with him about the way an obligato should be played. And fired him—in front of the whole band. Poor faithful Jake! I found him crying like a baby outside the studio door. He's been with Tony since the band started, and he worships him.

"He'll come home," she continued, "and go into the deep silences. Won't talk to me. Paces the house like Beethoven—only the composing he's doing is no good. We've even reached the separate-bedroom stage. I've tried to bring him to his senses, John, but

he looks at me as though I were some waitress he'd married in his early struggling stages of a career. I can't go on!"

"Any other women?" asked Kerrigan.

"Yes," she said slowly. "Yes, that too. Nothing serious, yet. But Tony's the target for lots of admiration these days. The fact that a lot of these women are either morons dazzled by his glamour, or chisellers, doesn't seem to occur to him. In his present state of mind he thinks it's just his fatal fascination."

"I'm sorry," he said. "You're a grand woman, Marcia. Believe me, I wish there was something I could do; but—Who's that woman over there?" he went off at a tangent, desperate to change the subject. "Gorgeous." He indicated a lush and striking brunette of thirty-five—or even a well groomed thirty-eight—seated across the room. On the wall seat beside her was a bronzed and handsome man not more than thirty.

"It's a small world, isn't it?" said Marcia bitterly. "Don't you know who she is? That's the well known Mrs. Winthrop McCarr, wife of the little Napoleon who—"

"Not McCarr's wife!" he interrupted. "McCarr, the president of Federal Oil?"

"None other," said Marcia. "The peppery little Napoleon who will thumbs up or thumbs down your precious auditions."

"Who's the heart-thumper with her?"

"For a man about town, you don't know much, do you?" she answered. "That's a big romance. According to the latest reports, she's going to divorce McCarr and marry that laddie."

Kerrigan's eyes covertly studied the man. Suddenly a swift thought, almost like a beam of light, illumined his face.

He turned to Marcia. "I think I've got something," he said slowly. "I think maybe there's hope. Oh, boy! What a notion! It might work. Let's see. If I—"

"What are you talking about?" Marcia demanded.

"Your future, my lamb," he said blithely, "and part of mine—and boy, oh boy, will this be fun! Waiter!"

He called for a telephone to be plugged in at his table, and phoned his office. "Stand by," he ordered Izzy. "This is going to be a busy afternoon." . . .

THEY sat, the three of them, hunched over Kerrigan's small exquisite Sheraton desk—Kelvin Parr, Izzy, and Lanny Green. Kerrigan had a trick of investing many of his least important conversations with an illusion of importance by dropping his voice to a low and confidential pitch. This time it wasn't a mannerism. He meant it. He distrusted, at this minute, the very walls themselves, the objects on his desk, as though they might be concealing a dictograph. The three men leaned close, intent and astounded. At last he finished.

"Boss, you've gone nuts," said Izzy simply and with the privilege of long association.

"But, John," said Parr, "I don't get it. Give up that song of mine to Tony Taylor? Why, it's the best thing we've got. You said yourself it ought to cinch the contract."

Kerrigan sat there silent, looking at them with his deceptively clear and blue diplomat's eyes. He was waiting

until they talked themselves out before replying, when abruptly Lanny Green said sharply: "Hey, wait a minute. Pipe down!"

They waited. Lanny lit a cigarette, walked over to the window. He ran a hand thoughtfully through his thick black hair, turned around, said slowly: "Listen. I don't understand it any more than you do. But if John says it, it goes. If it weren't for John we wouldn't even be in the running for a million-dollar deal—at least I wouldn't. Lots of things he's done I haven't understood, but they're the things that put me among the tops. C'm on, John, give us the orders."

Kerrigan swiftly laid out the plan. Within twenty-four hours, he declared, he wanted the rumor spread that he and Kelvin Parr had quarreled, and that Parr was walking out, taking his special song with him. "Get it in the gossip columns, by all means," ordered Kerrigan. "Kelvin, you make a tour of Fifty-second Street tonight—all the bars—and manage to sound as drunk as you can. Every time my name comes up, just freeze up and act hurt. That'll look more convincing than if you rip me up the back. Then you go home. And you, Izzy, rush around to all the music publishers. Tell 'em you've got to get a new torch number immediately. Act panicky. Call up all the composers in town, ask them if they have anything new and sensational.

"As for you, Lanny, you wander around town tonight looking as though your mother-in-law had just arrived for a year's visit. Like you'd lost your last dollar. If any one wants to know what's wrong, just say "Nothing" in a nice hollow resigned voice. We've all got to look licked and worried, and it's got to be spread around that Kel and I have split. Then Tony Taylor will be around trying to get you to play ball with him, figuring that you'll tell him everything we've been doing. You'll tell him all about the big number, he'll want it, and you'll give it to him. And then, my lads, comes the dawn of the great day. We both audition—and I think we win the big rosy apple. The raspberries go to Tony."

"I still think it's nuts," said Izzy. "But I'm on my way."

Gossip, in the little Broadway world of entertainment—especially if it is bad news—spreads with the speed of influenza. In and out of the Fifty-second Street cafés, through ringside tables of glittering Broadway cabarets, in smart Park Avenue night clubs, and finally into the gossip columns raced the news that "Parr takes run-out powder on Kerrigan." In the noisy grimy offices of the music publishers the word was whispered, and on the curbstones beside Radio City, where bandmen gather for a breath of air and a whiff of a cigarette between program jobs. And at noon two days later Parr was called from his breakfast to the telephone. Tony Taylor was on the wire.

AN hour later Parr reported to Kerrigan, "He's got the song, John—all arrangements, everything. Now what?"

"Now relax," said Kerrigan, smiling. "Keep your fingers crossed—and wait. Only two more days till the big audition, and either we win or we lose. But there's going to be one terrific moment during that afternoon—and that's what I'm looking forward to and counting on."

Winthrop McCarr was a little man, and his desk was very big. There were twelve push buttons on the left of the desk top and three telephones to the right. Flanking the telephones, a large square mahogany box with a metal mouthpiece and amplifier and twelve more push buttons. With this device he carried on interoffice conversation with his assorted lieutenants, because sometimes, perhaps, all three of the phones might be busy. Once there had been an ornate silver frame on the desk, surrounding a De Meyer photograph of a lush and striking brunette; but one day Winthrop McCarr had thrust it furiously into the lower drawer of his desk.



A secretary moused into the room, with Mr. McCarr's engagement pad. Morosely he glanced over the day's commitments. Ten thirty, sales meeting of the Eastern distributors. Eleven thirty, Corruthers of the Seventeenth National Bank. Lunch with Huguenstradt, the Dutch oil man, and—faugh!—two o'clock, a meeting with his lawyers and Mrs. McCarr's. He snapped off the end of a fresh cigar so vigorously his teeth clicked together; violently he spat the pellet of tobacco into the wastebasket.

Three thirty—his face brightened. The new radio audition. Lanny Green at three thirty and Tony Taylor at four fifteen. That was better; Mr. McCarr liked radio. Liked to be a sponsor, striding into the studio, machine-gunning quick swift decisions to his assembled colleagues and to the anxious sweating radio executives ready to swoon with delight at his smile and tremble at his frown. Ziegfeld supervising the dress rehearsal of a Follies could have been no more certain of his judgment, instructions, and commands than Winthrop McCarr, oil man, receiving a radio program. He liked to think of the millions of people who would be listening to *his* entertainment, *his* program. And it was his boast that he himself O. K.'d every detail of Federal's broadcasts and that no program could be given without his final sanction. But he paid—and nobody minded it much. If they did, they thought of the pay checks, and then they didn't mind at all.

SO at three thirty Mr. McCarr and six of his aides seated themselves in the many-angled ultramodern grandeur of Colossal's Audition Room A. Jo Kaufman himself, president of Colossal, attended this audition, with six of his aides. The two Napoleons met in the center of the room, exchanged greetings and cigars. John Kerrigan sat quietly in one corner of the large room, his face still, his eyes narrowed, his fingers restless.

There was a breathless hush in the room. Suddenly there crept into the silence a soft and luscious melody. It began with the twang of a guitar, and then the fiddles stole in, and the trumpets, muted and sweet, and then the whole band joined to carry Lanny Green's famous signature song to the high crescendo of its finish. Thirty swift brilliant minutes of entertainment fled by—music, song, comedy, a suave commercial announcement with a brand-new twist—more music, a two-minute skit, and finally the signature song again. It was a fine and polished program—witty, bright, reasonably sophisticated, yet understandable to simple minds, and Kerrigan was content.

Winthrop McCarr wagged his head sagely. "Very good," he decreed. "Very good." Six heads, his lieutenants', wagged in unison immediately. "Very good," they said to each other. "Very good indeed."

"Very good," said Jo Kaufman. "Now we'll hear Tony Taylor." His intonation was practically Al Jolson's famous phrase, "You ain't heard nothin' yet." Once Kerrigan had frankly told Kaufman what a stuffed-shirt he was, and the little man's ego had never healed. Yes, thought Kerrigan, now you'll hear Tony Taylor.

After a brief tobacco-laden lull, the second audition began. It swept through fifteen glittering minutes. Seventeen. Eighteen. The boy's still good, thought Kerrigan. But Parr's number ought to come in any second now.

It came. The big moment. The song that Tony had stolen from under Kerrigan's nose, thought Tony. No doubt about it, Parr was a master. He could write "a hell of a song"—the highest compliment a musician can pay. Even though no one in the room save Kerrigan had ever heard the melody before, its catchiness was instantly apparent. Here and there a foot tapped to its contagious rhythm. Then, after a series of brilliant variations on the main theme by different groups of instruments, a soloist with a deep blue voice picked up the lyric. The song, in the vernacular, was a

"torch number," sultry, hot, and, as with all torch numbers, passion was its theme.

Redheaded man, what have you done to me?
Redheaded man, you're all the fun to me
That there is in the whole wide world.
You're the sun that shines, and the moon on high,
The wind in the pines, and the stars in the sky—
Redheaded, red-hot man.
I'll laugh with you, and cry for you,
Sigh for you, even die for you,
Redheaded man!

McCarr fidgeted in his deep leather chair. His face slowly was changing from its bland accustomed pink to a definite mauve verging into purple. The words of the song, deliberately simple, comprehensible to the naïve minds of millions, carried on:

I'll gladly leave my home for you,
The world around I'd roam for you,
Redheaded, red-hot man.
There's not a man I've ever seen,
Never a man who's ever been,
To compare with you,
And I'd do with you
Anything you ask!

McCarr leaped to his feet, flung his smoldering cigar to the rich carpet. His face was a royal purple now, and one corded vein throbbed in his temple. He glared at Kaufman and his aides and at Tony Taylor's surprised manager. Then he spoke, and his voice was clogged with anger. "Either you gentlemen are very stupid," he croaked, "or your sense of humor needs changing."

He swung about, faced Kerrigan. "You manage the first band, don't you?" he asked. Kerrigan nodded.

"Be in my office at ten in the morning, then," he ordered. "The show is yours."

He stamped toward the door. If it hadn't been very heavy, and protected by an especially efficient door closer, he would have slammed it off the hinges in the violence of his exit.

THREE jubilant men, the next afternoon, sat grouped about Kerrigan's desk—Lanny Green, Kelvin Parr, and the still dazed Izzy.

"Sign that contract in both the places I've marked, Lanny," said Kerrigan. "You sign yours the same way, Kelvin. And now who's going to buy the champagne? The song is over, boys, but the melody lingers on—to the tune of half a million smackers a year!"

"John, you're a wonder," said Lanny. "Now give out, will you? How did you do it?"

"I know I'm crazy," said Izzy. "Boss, what was the plot?"

"Simple," said Kerrigan. "But it's got to be kept a secret. You see, Mr. McCarr's wife's divorcing him."

"So what?" asked Parr. "What's that got to do with it?"

"She's divorcing him to marry a younger, handsomer man. Hallam Vance, the polo player. Very social. A big good-looking guy, the Great Lover type."

"Still so

TWENTY QUESTIONS

1—Born at Albany, New York, he founded the Overland Monthly; was United States Consul at Crefeld, Germany, and at Glasgow, Scotland; and wrote The Heathen Chinese and The Luck of Roaring Camp. What famed novelist and poet is shown in the early photo to the right?

2—Of what is tapioca made?

3—What is the largest bone in the human skeleton?

4—Who was the greatest of Greek orators?

5—What instrument is between the violin and the double-bass in pitch?

6—Are all Supreme Court Justices native-born Americans?

7—What did American Indians formerly do with grasshoppers?

8—How much does the average New York City funeral cost?

9—What city did Jehovah come down from heaven to see?

10—A Van Gogh painting



was appraised at \$90,000; how much did his art yield the painter?

11—What large lake in the United States is fishless?

12—Who won the 500-mile Speedway Classic at Indianapolis thrice?

13—What weighs 1,204 pounds per cubic foot?

14—Why do aviators, forced to land in fields, observe any cows standing therein?

15—What body elected Jefferson to his first term as President?

16—When there are 500 sheets to a ream, how many are there to a quire?

17—Aphonia means what in medicine?

18—Which antiseptic is present in the human thyroid gland and in most sea plants?

19—When was construction of the Capitol commenced?

20—What Glasgow-born Britisher of Irish parentage won chief fame as a good loser?



I am again—and I keep my clients working! That's the whole story."

"That's plenty," said Marcia. "How do you do it?"

"Well," said Kerrigan, "you see, the president of Consolidated has a wife, but I guess she doesn't know any men with red hair."

"What are you talking about?" said Marcia, puzzled.

"Take luncheon with me again sometime," answered Kerrigan, "and I promise to tell you the whole story."

THE END

(Answers will be found on page 61)

A TOUGH old politician came to Ethel Cotton with the campaign speeches that had been written for him at his party headquarters. "Miss Cotton," he said, "my daughter took conversation lessons from you, and you taught her never to open her trap until she knew for sure what she was going to talk about. Now, Miss Cotton, I want you to teach *me* what these speeches of mine are all about before I go out and make 'em."

The job wasn't exactly in Ethel Cotton's line, but she accepted it. She taught the old ward boss how to make speeches that even he himself could understand.

Her specialty is the technique of talk. She lectures about it over the radio and to private classes. Most of her pupils are men and women around forty years of age. Many are business people whose office advancement has outdistanced their social accomplishments. They take conversation lessons to catch up with the talk of their smart new friends.

"Nobody has any right to be a bore," Miss Cotton declares. "Dullness in company," she says, "is just as catching as mumps or the measles, and all bores should be quarantined. But they *can* be cured."

I asked her how bashful people may be encouraged to talk.

"Lead them out," she told me, "with the sort of questions they cannot possibly answer by a mere yes or no."

Ethel Cotton lives in San Francisco. Used to be on the stage before she started teaching the technique of talk.

● On an Alaska boat returning from a summer trip a friend of mine met a woman whose face was a living mask of tragedy. Learned her story. It is one of the weirdest I ever have heard.

Last winter, prospecting for gold, she and her husband were snowbound in a lonely cabin with another man, her husband's partner. Monotony bred bitter hatred between the two men, and one day the husband did not come back from a hunt for wild game. The partner said he had fallen down a ravine, that his body was lost beyond recovery. The wife felt sure her husband had been murdered, yet she

lived through that dreadful winter in the tiny cabin with the murderer. "I didn't kill him," she said, "because my husband would not have wanted to be avenged. He was a good man."

She was a woman well along in years. Her eyesight was bad. Somehow she broke her glasses. Then her false teeth disappeared. That may sound funny—any mention of false teeth always strikes a comic note—but in this case I see it as the last tragic straw of her hopeless situation. Half-starved and half-blind, there she stayed with the probable murderer of her husband for three frozen months. It gives me the *willies* to think of it!

● Girls, if you can't roll out noodle dough very thin and flat without tearing holes in it, you will never get married. A new superstition on me. I learned it the other day from a Hungarian lady who was trying to teach me how to make noodles. Every time I rolled out the dough I tore holes in it—yet I *am* married. How do you account for that? Am I a noodle cheater?

● What do you think of *shoemaking* as a feminine hobby? One of the most

aristocratic women in England, Lady Rasch, has now taken it up, and not in any fancy amateur way, either. At her home she keeps a regulation cobbler's bench with all the necessary tools. She repairs her own shoes and those of her children, puts on new soles, nails on new heels, etc. Says she considers shoemaking a good practical trade for women.

● Just picked up two rather curious items of information on the subject of stinginess. A hotel executive told me, to my surprise, that most of our big Hollywood stars are notoriously close-fisted when they visit New York. Around swank hotels they have the reputation, he said, of being snippety spenders and tightwad tippers. My second item along this line is the news that some stomach specialists now believe indigestion makes moneygrubbers of its victims; they can't satisfy their greed for food, so the natural laws of compensation give them a substitute greed for cash. I asked the hotel man if he thought there might be any connection between hotel food and dyspepsia and stingy guests. He started talking about something else.

● John Erskine's recent book, *The Influence of Women and Its Cure*, has now been answered for us by Eudora Ramsay Richardson with *her* new book, *The Influence of Men—Incurable*. (Published by the Bobbs-Merrill Company.)

● In the bleak English County of Northumberland a favorite dish at this time of year is pork-and-apple pie. Hearty and tasty, it's just as suitable here as there.

Thinly slice 3 pounds lean fresh pork and cut in strips. Line a glass baking dish with piecrust, put in a layer of pork, dust with salt, pepper, and a little powdered sage, then put in a layer of tart apples sliced and sprinkled lightly with brown sugar. Repeat layers until dish is full. Top layer must be apples. Dot with half-inch cubes of bacon fat, pour on 1 cup cider, cover with thick piecrust. Cut two good-sized vents in the crust, brush over with milk, bake 1½ hours in moderate oven.

Serve it hot with boiled cabbage.

To the Ladies

by
PRINCESS
ALEXANDRA
KROPOTKIN

LINGUIST, TRAVELER, LECTURER,
AND AUTHORITY ON FASHION

READING TIME ● 4 MINUTES 37 SECONDS



ETHEL COTTON



THE vice racket bade women bond with it "or else," and its strong-arm thugs made good the or-else threat; but so did its "legal staff" of perjury experts make good on their guaranty of immunity from imprisonment in return for the tribute each bonded girl paid. Last January Special Prosecutor Dewey struck at this bonding combination. He had an error-proof list of the vice racket's twenty-five higher-ups, including Pennochio, Frederico, Betillo, and their circle, the legal staff, and the four salaried bookers. Yet there seemed to be a bigger shot still, a supreme racketeer known as "the Boss." Who was he? In all Dewey's mountain of evidence there was nothing to identify him.

A minute after midnight on Saturday, February 1, concerted raids were begun. The twenty-five were arrested, and plain-clothes men rounded up scores of girls. At Dewey's headquarters the girls, to their amazement, were treated courteously and considerately; it helped prepare some of them to tell the truth. Meanwhile Dave Marcus, booker, broke and suffering from heart disease, was offering to talk if his wife, who was involved, might be spared. Dewey would promise him nothing, yet encouraged him. Who was the Boss? Very guardedly Marcus mentioned a mere given name: "Charlie." It was enough. There could be only one Charlie—Charles "Lucky" Luciano, Manhattan's Public Enemy Number One.

PART FOUR—LUCIANO AT BAY

THE weeks following the raids of February 1 were busy ones. The knowledge that Luciano had his finger in the prostitution bonding racket was kept secret as Dewey and his aides dug into their collection of one hundred and twenty witnesses in search of evidence that would convict Luciano of compulsory prostitution.

Dewey drew up a bill that had for its purpose a procedural change making it possible to punish a major criminal "by connecting to him, through various layers of subordinates, the related but separated crimes committed on his behalf." The bill, a novelty in state courts, merely authorized the joinder of similar or connected offenses in one indictment, a procedure that had been in vogue in federal courts for seventy years.

"Compulsory prostitution" is a confusing term. Neither Luciano nor his henchmen compelled any of the arrested prostitutes to lead "a life of shame."

White slavery exists chiefly in the magazine sections of Sunday newspapers.

Tracking NEW YORK'S CRIME BARONS

READING TIME ● 24 MINUTES 40 SECONDS

The girls Dewey had arrested plied their trade of their own accord. No one forced them.

But Luciano could be convicted of compulsory prostitution if Dewey could produce evidence that he had—either directly or through his associates—done any of these three things:

Placed a woman in a house of prostitution.

Received money for this service.

Received money

from the proceeds of prostitution without consideration.

Dewey started at the bottom in his search for this evidence. Women were questioned. On the night of the raids only five of them had talked. The next day Dewey called Ten Eyck in.

"Barry," he said, "I'm going to give you the job of breaking the prostitutes. You can have as many men as you like. I don't want to hear anything about it until the job is done."

Ten Eyck selected six men. For six weeks he and his fellow questioners worked. And, one by one, they "broke" the girls. By cajolery, by hours of quiet reasoning, by pleading, by outright threats of prosecution—but principally by a more decent treatment of the girls, individually, than they had ever known—Chief Assistant Barent Ten Eyck and his aides obtained the evidence Dewey needed.

Most of it, naturally, involved the madams and bookers. Once Dewey had sufficient evidence to convict the bookers on count after count of compulsory prostitution, he confronted them with it and gave them their choice—a chance to talk or a chance of a life sentence.

Three of them—Dave Marcus, Pete Harris, and Al Weiner—talked.

Eventually Dewey had enough evidence to obtain indictments against ten of the biggest men in the vice combination. Holding others as witnesses, he managed to place the ten indicted men under bond of more than half a million dollars.

Testimony given him by the three bookers began to bring the nebulous Luciano into focus. Gradually Dewey obtained a substantiated picture of the terroristic combination from its own members.

It had come into being late in the summer of 1933. There were at that time four principal independent bookers in New York City. They were Cock-Eyed Louis Weiner, later to be succeeded by his roly-poly son, Dumb Al; Nick Montana, later to be succeeded by Jack Eller; Peter Harris; and Dave Marcus.



In custody at last! Luciano between two New York detectives. Below: Gay Orlova, who championed his character.





Hands went to guns, faces grew grim, as gunplay between the Little Rock and Hot Springs officers seemed inevitable.

Already James Frederico had conducted a bonding combination of a sort. He had done nothing but bonding and the bookers had not been under his thumb. It did not take Luciano and his henchmen long, however, to realize that on an organized basis bonding, applied to prostitution, had excellent possibilities.

One night Frederico told his friends, "I'm through. Lucky has turned the business over to Little Davie."

And for three months he *was* through. Then the combination took him back as front man and general manager.

With guns and knives the combination whipped the four bookers into line. Formerly independent,

Success or Failure?—

Now Comes the Crisis in the Inside Story of a City's Fight Against Its Greatest Racketeer

by FRED
ALLHOFF

ILLUSTRATION BY
JAY McCARDLE

they now had to pay for the privilege of booking. They paid more and more each month until at last they found themselves virtually on meager salaries. They were obliged to keep the combination advised of the opening of each new house. Once, after Cock-Eyed Louis Weiner and Nick Montana had been sent to Sing Sing, Little Davie suspected that the bookers were double-crossing. A meeting was called.

Prosecutor Dewey succeeded in forcing the story of that meeting from the thick lips of Dumb Al Weiner.

Dumb Al, a product of the East Side, had left school at seven because of an accident to his leg. By the time he was seventeen he had

learned to weave baskets. When he was twenty-one his doting father gave him a poolroom; but he was not sufficiently brilliant to manage it and finally gave it to his brother.

Unemployed now, he began to ride around with his father. It was light easy work, and he showed an aptitude for it. When Cock-Eyed Louis went to Florida one winter, Dumb Al carried on the work. And when finally the state sent Louis to Sing Sing to repent his sins and go blind, Dumb Al took over. Then came the day when Little Davie called the bookers on the carpet.

Chewing gum, peering stupidly through his rimless glasses, his limp leg hoisted on to a chair, Dumb Al Weiner unfolded the story in Dewey's office:

"The meeting was in a candy store at Delancey and Norfolk Streets. Little Davie did the talking. He said: 'Lots of you guys are holding places out. I want a list of your houses from every one of you. There'll be a two-hundred-dollar fine for holding out.'

"I started to write out my list, but some of the others said they had turned in all their houses. He began calling us names," Dumb Al related. "He said: 'You're all a bunch of no-good louses. Harris, you're a rat. Marcus, if you run to the cops, we'll put 'em on you. And, Eller, if I hear any more from you, I'll kick that fat belly of yours off.'"

After this pep talk, Dewey learned, the boys had faithfully turned in all of their houses to Little Davie and the combination. There was no more holding out; the combination was assured that its collections would be 100 per cent.

Pete Harris talked. And—far more important—Mildred Harris, Pete's wife, told Dewey of the day she had pleaded with Luciano to let her husband quit the racket.

Prosecutor Dewey now had what he needed. For the first time in twenty years, some one had amassed evidence capable of putting Luciano behind bars and keeping him there.

Luciano had been arrested eleven times. He had been convicted twice. He had served time once.

He was born November 11, 1897, on New York's lower East Side, to honest Sicilian parents. He was not a healthy child, though his school record indicates he was a brilliant one. Why did he turn to crime? Two of his brothers, born in the same ugly neighborhood, are honest men. Charles and another brother turned sour.

When he was eighteen years old he had a bank account of four hundred dollars. He obtained it by peddling drugs. A thoroughly bad kid, but still clumsy at the game of crime, he was caught red-handed. They put him away for one-to-three in Elmira Reformatory. He came out of there calloused and wary as hell.

HE took a job operating floating crap games for Joe Gould. Later he took them over for himself. He joined the bootlegging mob of Joe Messera and sold "protection" to speakeasy proprietors. When Joe Messera died messily of gang bullets in a Coney Island restaurant, Charles Luciano took over the gang.

He spread out eagerly into other fields—policy, numbers, industrial rackets. He became known as Charlie, Lucky, and "the Boss." He preferred the anonymity of "the Boss." He hated publicity.

On the night of October 16, 1929, three men in a car pulled up to Charles Luciano as he stood under the el in Manhattan, awaiting a girl with whom he had a date. They forced him into the car. They tied his hands, gagged him, pushed stilettos into him again and again. Boldly they drove with their bleeding victim to the Staten Island ferry. Over on Staten Island they dumped him, apparently dead, into a ditch.

A patrolman came across him later. He was staggering down the highway, blood spilling from face, neck, and from the severed muscle that was to leave his right eye with that sinister droop. He offered the patrolman money to call him a cab; the patrolman took him to a hospital instead.

Luciano denied that he knew the men who took him for a ride, or why they did it, though he hinted he would "take care of the matter" in his own way.

Because he was one of the few gangsters who ever came back from a ride alive, it is generally assumed that this was why he received his nickname, "Lucky." His own explanation is not so romantic. When he was a kid, just learning to shoot dice on street corners, he stole off to a Bowery tattoo parlor, where an artist tattooed on his right forearm a horseshoe and, within it, the word "Lucky." To his later discomfiture, the nickname became as indelible as the tattooed design. He is sensitive today over the latter.

Luciano's rise to the top, following his one-way ride, was rapid. He became head of the dread *Unione Sicilione*, the Mafia organization of which even Al Capone had never obtained leadership. He had rare genius for organization. Actual work was left to underlings, once he had organized a racket, and Lucky spent his time in the swanky hotels of almost any city that, at the moment, possessed a good climate and a race track.

Though he never married, he did not lack feminine companionship. One of his acquaintances was Gay Orlova, a striking Broadway show girl whom he met in Miami. Later the blonde Miss Orlova—or her press agent—was to become quite fretful in print because police "said such mean things" about Charles Lucky.

He was thirty-nine when fate began creeping up on him. Dewey was ready to strike.

But Luciano had vanished.

MONTHS before—on the night Dutch Schultz had died in a New Jersey bar—Charles Luciano had been in Bugsy Siegel's room on the floor beneath his at the Waldorf-Astoria. Three days later, Luciano had been in Miami, Florida. He had very publicly been in Miami, Florida. And there hadn't been enough on him to make extradition possible.

Now he was gone from Miami. He had not, however, got wind of events. He simply was on the move, taking the baths at Hot Springs, Arkansas.

A New York detective, in Miami on other business, learned that Luciano had gone to Hot Springs. Detective John Brennan of the Bronx District Attorney's office happened to be there on another mission. Dewey's office contacted Brennan.

On March 31 Detective Brennan wired New York. Charles Luciano was at the Arlington Hotel in Hot Springs, registered under his own name.

Less than half a dozen men in New York City knew of the shaping events. The newspapers got no wind of the situation. Moving secretly, Dewey lodged a complaint before Justice McCook, charging Luciano with compulsory prostitution. Justice McCook issued a warrant for his arrest.

Dewey called in Wayne Merrick, head of his secret undercover staff. The warrant was turned over to one of Merrick's operatives. He shall be referred to, since the names of Merrick's ex-G-men are not divulged by the Dewey office, as Agent Jones.

On the night of March 31 Jones left for Hot Springs. On the back of the warrant Justice McCook had made a written request that the judge before whom Luciano might be taken upon his arrest set bail at \$200,000.

Jones arrived about noon of April 1 and met Brennan, who had with him Deputy Sheriff Marvin Anderson of Garland County. They set out immediately for Hot Springs' "Bathhouse Row," where they found Luciano lounging in front of Joe Jacobs's gambling casino. They notified him that he was under arrest. He accepted the news quietly enough, but a friend appeared indignant and said, "Don't worry, Charlie. I'll get you out."

The New York detectives marched Luciano to the local lockup. He was dressed in sports clothes—slacks and a polo shirt. He had between four and five hundred dollars on him.

Luciano—the great Luciano—was in a prison cell. He took the situation philosophically. His invisible power and highly vaunted influence were genuine. For years, as an important gangster, he had been immune from arrest and successful prosecution. With utter confidence during the next few hours he was to fight back at Dewey from Hot Springs—friend of the felon and haven of the harassed.

Luciano's incredible power began working the moment of his arrest. Within an hour a battery of lawyers comprising the best legal talent afforded by Hot Springs was at his side. Among them were A. T. Davies, city attorney of Hot Springs; Richard M. Ryan, former president of the Hot Springs Bar Association; and James R. Campbell, a state representative.

The regular judge who would have heard Luciano's case was away. Luciano's lawyers found Chancellor Sam W. Garrett at the Arlington Downs race track. He obligingly signed a paper authorizing Luciano's release in \$5,000 bond. Joe Jacobs, proprietor of the gambling casino, posted bond with the sheriff.

Charles Luciano was a free man once more.

Jones telephoned Dewey: "The judge here set bail at \$5,000 and they just sprang Luciano on a writ, chief."

Special Prosecutor Dewey hit the ceiling. "How in God's name could any judge make such an order?"

As quickly as he had lost his temper he regained it.

"Listen, Jones. The judge probably doesn't understand the situation fully. You go back and tell him the Grand Jury here is listening to witnesses at this moment. Tell him they will vote ten counts of compulsory prostitution against Luciano, enough to put him away for two hundred and fifty years. Tell him Luciano is the most dangerous and important racketeer in New York City and probably in the entire country. And if the judge balks at fixing bail of \$200,000, tell him we are holding some of Luciano's lieutenants here in bail of \$75,000.

"Get that judge to reverse his decision and order the re-arrest of Luciano. We must keep Luciano in custody. McLean is flying down this afternoon. He'll conduct the court proceedings. Good luck!"

The two New York detectives hurried away to find Chancellor Garrett. He listened to them.

"I didn't know all these facts, or the seriousness of the charge. I'll order his bond revoked and Luciano re-arrested at once. And I'll not set a new bail. He'll be held without bail, pending a hearing at which your New York authorities can present their case."

The two detectives and the chancellor started out to look for Luciano. They found Joe Jacobs, who had bailed him out. Jacobs promised to produce him.

MEANWHILE, in New York City, Dewey told his secretary, "Get Mr. McLean in here at once."

It was ten minutes after five in the afternoon. A man, red-haired, Scotch, young, came in. Dewey turned to Edward McLean of his legal staff.

"Luciano has been arrested in Hot Springs, Arkansas. They've let him out on bail, but I expect him to be picked up again. He's going to fight extradition. I want you to go down there and carry on the legal fight for us. Go to the Attorney General in Little Rock. Get his assistance, if possible. The main idea is to keep Luciano in our custody until we can get formal extradition papers down there."

All of this was news to young McLean. But he merely asked, "When do I leave, chief?"

"There's a plane out of Newark at five forty-five. Get on it. At Cleveland you can connect with another that will take you into Little Rock."

McLean nodded, wondering how he'd make a plane leaving Newark, New Jersey, in half an hour.

"There's a police car waiting for you downstairs at the Broadway entrance. They'll get you over there.

Now, it's going to be a fight, Mac. You'll be up against the best lawyers money can buy in the State of Arkansas. Get Luciano back as quickly as possible. Fight every attempt at delay." Dewey held out his hand. "Phone me when you get there. Keep in touch. The best of luck to you!"

The Cleveland plane was warming its engine when McLean dashed alongside in the screaming police car.

It was a bad season of the year for flying. They plowed through thick weather to Cleveland, where they found themselves grounded. McLean was forced to continue by train. He had expected to reach Little Rock, the capital, by six o'clock the following morning. Now he would not get in there until eleven thirty the following night.

In Hot Springs, Charles Luciano was making his first error. Following his arrest and release, he had been seriously considering a hurried flight to Mexico. When Joe

Jacobs told him that Garrett had ordered his re-arrest, he decided to submit and to fight out any charges New York brought against him in Hot Springs, where his influence and friendships were strong. And so, accompanied by his attorneys, he appeared again that day before Chancellor Garrett, heard his bond revoked, and returned to a cell.

SEARCHED again as a formality, it was discovered that Luciano, who a few hours before had had but four hundred dollars, now had in his pockets twenty-nine hundred.

In his cell he began to make himself comfortable, as befitted a favorite son. He gave the warden five dollars for cigars and another five dollars to buy cigarettes for every one in the jail. He bought a haircut for five dollars. He sent out to the Arlington Hotel for clean sheets and blankets. He sent out for food at his favorite restaurant and shared it with members of the sheriff's office.

He was assured again: "Don't worry, Charlie. We'll get you out."

But this time results weren't so prompt.

Luciano was still in jail at eleven thirty the next night when Edward McLean arrived in Little Rock. Detective Jones of the Dewey staff was at the station to meet McLean. Detective Brennan was at Hot Springs to prevent any attempt to spirit Luciano out of jail.

Jones explained the status of the case: "Luciano's attorneys have sued out a writ of habeas corpus. There will be a hearing on the writ in the Chancery Court in Hot Springs tomorrow afternoon, to determine the validity of his detention there. He has a lot of political pull in Hot Springs. He's counting on staying until he can spring himself or get out on bond. Then he'll skip the country."

"Maybe," mused McLean, "we can fix Mr. Luciano's little red wagon. We're going to see the Attorney General."

"Now?" Jones asked. It was midnight.

"Now," said McLean.

When his doorbell rang for the third time, the Attorney General of Arkansas got out of bed. He found two young men at the door. There were rapid-fire introductions, apologies. He invited them in, then quietly sat and listened as McLean sketched the empire of vice that Luciano had erected in New York City.

The Attorney General was in his early forties. Strictly self-made, he'd fought his way up with two brawny fists and a keen mind. He was a family man, with a wife and half a dozen children, and he detested vice and gambling and corruption. He was friendly, serious, and without

ANTHONY ABBOT

CRIME COMMENTATOR FOR LIBERTY, SAYS:

In this chapter of Tracking New York's Crime Barons, Mr. Allhoff brings out with startling clarity a fact which Mr. Thatcher Colt, big-time, big-city police chief, has long held to be true: that the connection between organized crime and organized politics is often closer in the small city than it is in the big.

New York makes news. So do Chicago, Detroit, Los Angeles, San Francisco, and a few more. Doings in these places get the headlines, whether they are good doings or evil doings. It has always been so, probably always will be.

But look at Hot Springs, Arkansas. Look at the kowtowing to Charles (Lucky) Luciano, recorded criminal, recognized racketeer. Some one said: "Don't worry, Charlie, I'll get you out!"

Maybe they pull them as raw as that in Chicago—or did during the Capone era—but Thatcher Colt, in all his years as a metropolitan police commissioner, never heard of anything so brazen in New York. It would seem impossible to Mr. Colt that any reader of Liberty could read this chapter of the Dewey story without giving prayerful thought to conditions in his own home town.

Anthony Abbot's famous Police Commissioner Thatcher Colt is on the N. B. C. Red Network every Sunday from 2:30 to 3 P. M., E. S. T.

fear. His name was Carl E. Bailey. He believed in law and order and had cleaned up Little Rock. He was continually bearing down upon the horse-racing crowd in Hot Springs and the gambling crowd there hated him.

Having listened to McLean, Attorney General Bailey immediately assured his callers of complete co-operation—without which they would have been powerless in the following days.

They discussed plans for getting Luciano away from Hot Springs. They finally hit upon a scheme. In the morning they obtained from Circuit Court Judge Abner McGehee, in Little Rock, another warrant for Luciano's arrest. It was a fugitive warrant. Armed with it, they appeared at the hearing in Hot Springs that afternoon. They did not oppose Luciano's release but consented to it. The moment Luciano was released, they meant to re-arrest him on the fugitive charge.

Luciano's defense lawyers, suspecting a trap, lost their eagerness to get him out of jail. Chancellor Garrett, nervous at this complete reversal of positions, ruled justly that Luciano be freed.

Deputy Sheriff Charles Caple and Dewel Raper of the Little Rock office had accompanied McLean and Bailey to Hot Springs to serve the warrant. They immediately arrested Luciano in the courtroom, and were on their way out with him when Luciano's attorney, "Sonny" Davies, nodded to Sheriff Roy Erney of Hot Springs.

Sheriff Erney and half a dozen deputies surrounded the two Little Rock officers. Hands went to guns and faces grew grim as gunplay between the Little Rock and Hot Springs officers seemed inevitable. Hopelessly outnumbered, the former surrendered their prisoner to Sheriff Erney, who presented a warrant and announced that he was placing Luciano under arrest.

Luciano's attorneys were arresting their own client.

Whether the move was technically legal or not, Luciano was back in the Hot Springs jail and the Attorney General of Arkansas and his colleagues found themselves standing outside holding a warrant they had been unable to enforce.

Attorney General Bailey was thoroughly angered now. He and McLean hurried back to Little Rock. Detectives Jones and Brennan remained outside the jail. If Luciano were given a surprise hearing and freed on low bail, they meant to re-arrest him.

In Little Rock, McLean and Bailey ran into a maze of red tape.

The Attorney General applied to the superintendent of state police for enough armed men to serve the warrant on Luciano. The state police head said a signed request from the sheriff would be required first. When that finally had been obtained, the Governor called a conference and said that he would not direct the state troopers to make the arrest unless Judge McGehee, who had issued the warrant, directed them to do so.

McLean and the Attorney General got Judge McGehee out of bed at half past twelve that night. He signed the necessary order. Governor Futrell, after two hours of argument, told the state troopers to arrest Luciano.

At three o'clock in the morning fifteen state troopers with machine guns started out in automobiles on the fifty-five-mile trip to Hot Springs.

At four o'clock in the morning the state troopers descended upon the jail at Hot Springs. They parleyed for two hours before the sheriff yielded to their superior force and permitted them to enforce the lawful mandate of their own state.

THEY served the warrant on Charles Luciano. They rushed him outside, sleepy and a trifle bewildered.

"Did you have to call out the state militia to take me to Little Rock?" he asked.

That morning Detective Stephen Di Rosa of the Dewey police undercover squad arrived in Little Rock by plane, carrying a formal request for extradition and a certified copy of the indictment which the Special Grand Jury in New York had found against Luciano. These were presented that same morning to Governor Futrell, who set the extradition hearing for Monday, April 6.

That afternoon McLean and Bailey met with the Fed-

JUNIOR-IF YOU DON'T I'LL SCREAM

SO RUN-DOWN EVERY LITTLE
THING GOT ON HER NERVES



VITAMINS A.B.G and D

eral Attorney at Little Rock, Fred A. Isgrig, to confer on possible federal action against Luciano, should the Governor refuse extradition on the state charge.

It was decided to contact New York and seek a federal warrant charging Luciano with fleeing from New York State to avoid prosecution on a felony charge. Prosecutor Dewey obtained the warrant in New York. The United States Attorney there then wired Federal Attorney Isgrig, advising him that the warrant was en route by air mail and asking him to hold Luciano on the warrant if he attempted to flee.

At the hearing before the Governor, Dewey's men would have to establish that Luciano had been in New York on the date of the crime charged in the indictment.

A YEAR before the Dewey investigation had been conceived, Detective Di Rosa had been assigned, with two others—John Kennedy and James Cashman—to trail a gangster named Max Silverman. They trailed him to a New York race track. One of the men that Silverman saw that day, and chatted with for more than an hour, was Luciano.

Kennedy and Cashman left New York City by plane for Little Rock, where they would corroborate Di Rosa's story at the extradition hearing. Di Rosa already had with him official police reports with which they hoped to establish the presence of Luciano in the vicinity of New York City.

Fifteen minutes out of New York, Kennedy and Cashman ran into bad flying weather. Their plane was forced down in the Pennsylvania mountains. Eventually they reached Cleveland by plane. From there a train took them to Cincinnati. One pilot refused to fly them and a small group of men en route to the Texas Centennial, who had been fellow passengers from New York, out of Cincinnati. A second pilot was finally persuaded to take off. They flew for hours through thick fog. They were above Memphis when their propeller split.

Meanwhile, in Little Rock, McLean paced the corridor outside the Governor's chambers, where the extradition hearing was to be held.

His face taut with worry, he turned to Di Rosa. "Take another look outside. See if they're coming."

It was ten minutes of two. The hearing was set for two o'clock sharp.

All sorts of rumors were afloat. One was that Luciano was prepared to present witnesses who would testify that they had been playing golf with him in Little Rock on April 26, 1935, the date of the offense charged in the indictment. Another was that Luciano would testify that he had been in Cuba on that date.

Without Kennedy and Cashman, there would be only Di Rosa to testify that Luciano had been in New York. It would be the word of one man against another.

McLean needed Kennedy and Cashman badly for corroboration. Every delay, no matter how short, was a victory for the racketeer. In New York, every day that passed cost the city four hundred dollars for payment and feeding of witnesses and prisoners. That could not go on indefinitely. Luciano and his counsel knew it and were exhausting every legal trick to halt extradition.

McLean looked at his watch. Five minutes of two. Di Rosa came back, shaking his head.

McLean could figure what had happened. The plane carrying Cashman and Kennedy had been forced down.

There was a sudden stir in the corridor. Armed troopers marched into the Governor's chambers. With them went deputy sheriffs escorting Luciano. His lawyers brought up the rear and disappeared inside.

Three minutes of two. Time for the hearing to start. McLean took a last despairing look up and down the Capitol corridor. He shrugged as he put his hand on the doorknob of the Governor's chambers and said to Detective Di Rosa:

"Come on. It's tough, but we'll have to go it alone!"

Did they have to? The battle over extradition did not reach its climax with that hearing, and what followed in New York was real-life courtroom drama at its most intense. Mr. Allhoff will stage both climax and trial scene as he concludes this series next week.

STOP THAT WHISTLING—)



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W STYLES . . . TWO GREAT NEW VALUES

THE PSYCHIC BID IN FOOTBALL

by GEORGE TREVOR

READING TIME • 4 MINUTES 21 SECONDS

FIFTY THOUSAND Sunday-morning quarterbacks can be wrong—but none of 'em will admit it.

Just as the kibitzer is an integral part of contract bridge, so is the second-guesser woven into football. These absorbing games have many points in common. In both you lead from strength to weakness, always play to the score, and occasionally employ a psychic bid. It is this mental phase of football, this emphasis on psychology, which explains the paradox of why a game founded on physical force appeals so strongly to the intellect.

In his saner moments even a confirmed pilot-panner will admit that a quarterback is sometimes right. The pink-faced youngsters pull a fast one frequently, and I've gathered a few examples of football psychic bids just to confound the parlor-sofa strategists.

Columbia has the ball on Stanford's twenty-yard line in the 1934 Rose Bowl game. No score. Quarterback Montgomery has been building up to a psychic climax via the use of a sequence maneuver—plays that start alike but end differently. For example, Three-Card Monty has faked the ball to Barabas on an end sweep, spun around and darted through center. Again Montgomery has faked a spinner and handed the ball to Brominski on a short side reverse. Stanford has sized up both these plays and learned to look upon Barabas as a dummy.

Having created the desired impression, Montgomery pulls K. F. 79—Lou Little's psychology play. This time he actually slips the ball to Barabas on his first half spin after faking it to Brominski. Barabas screens it behind his hip and races around Stanford's exposed flank to the goal line. Power couldn't do it; psychology did.

Illinois, with Red Grange doubling for a spook, trails Chicago's bone-crunching steam roller 7 to 21 in the last half of the 1924 seesaw thriller.

Stalled on Chicago's seventeen-yard line, Illinois prepares for a field-goal try, Britton back. Grange kneels to place the ball for the kicker, but instead tosses it to Britton who whips a center-alley pass to left end Kassell as the latter cuts in sharply toward the middle slot. No sooner does Kassell catch the pass than he laterals the ball out toward the right side line along which Red Grange is in full cry after delaying his start. Chicago's defense is outflanked. Grange snares the ball without breaking that kangaroo stride and nothing this side of hell can stop him. What's wrong with that one, Mr. Second-Guesser?

Knute Rockne never overlooked the psychic angle. Going West to direct his last game in 1930, Rock pulled a fast one on reporters and Southern California scouts. "Moon" Mullins, regular Notre Dame fullback, had been shelved by

an injury, and Hanley, his substitute, was an awkward lumbering fellow. In this emergency Rockne shifted "Bucky" O'Connor, a fast nimble halfback, to the fullback job, taught him the new assignments in a week, and kept the change a secret. It was broadcast that Hanley would have to play fullback.

Southern California, its defense designed to stop a pile-driving assault by Hanley, was stunned by the unexpected appearance of O'Connor at fullback. The Trojans became panicky when Bucky took a lateral from Carideo and swooped eighty yards to a touchdown. The surprise was all the greater because Rockne had given out a pregame interview ridiculing the Rugby toss as a silly English affectation which couldn't be successfully employed on the narrow American field. His listeners had believed it.

Let Benny Friedman explain a teaser he pulled:

"For the 1925 Michigan-Wisconsin game Yost concocted a goal-line getter that looked like a winner. Bennie Oosterbaan, our famous pass catcher, was to act the role of decoy, drawing attention away from the sector where we planned to send Gregory, our fleet right halfback, to receive a pass. Coming out of the huddle, Oosterbaan was to jump into the right-tackle slot alongside Flora, Michigan's regular right end. Normally Oosterbaan played left end. His sudden shift made him ineligible to receive a pass, but so great was his reputation as a ball hawk that we figured Wisconsin's secondaries would chase him instinctively.

"Yost's scheme called for our two ends on the right flank. Naturally this alignment made the left tackle, Hawkins, eligible to catch a pass because he was out on the extremity of the line. We counted on Hawkins creating another diversion—since Wisconsin would suspect him of being a potential receiver.

"Meanwhile our real pass snatcher, Gregory, was to scoot between Oosterbaan and Flora (spaced a yard apart) and cut for open territory.

"As we broke from the huddle and snapped into line, Wisconsin's right halfback, detailed to cover Oosterbaan, noticed that Big Ben was A. W. O. L. He swallowed our bait and, spotting Oosterbaan, began to edge over.

"As I faded back to throw the ball, Flora, Oosterbaan, and Hawkins all drifted out to the right, luring the Badger backs in that direction.

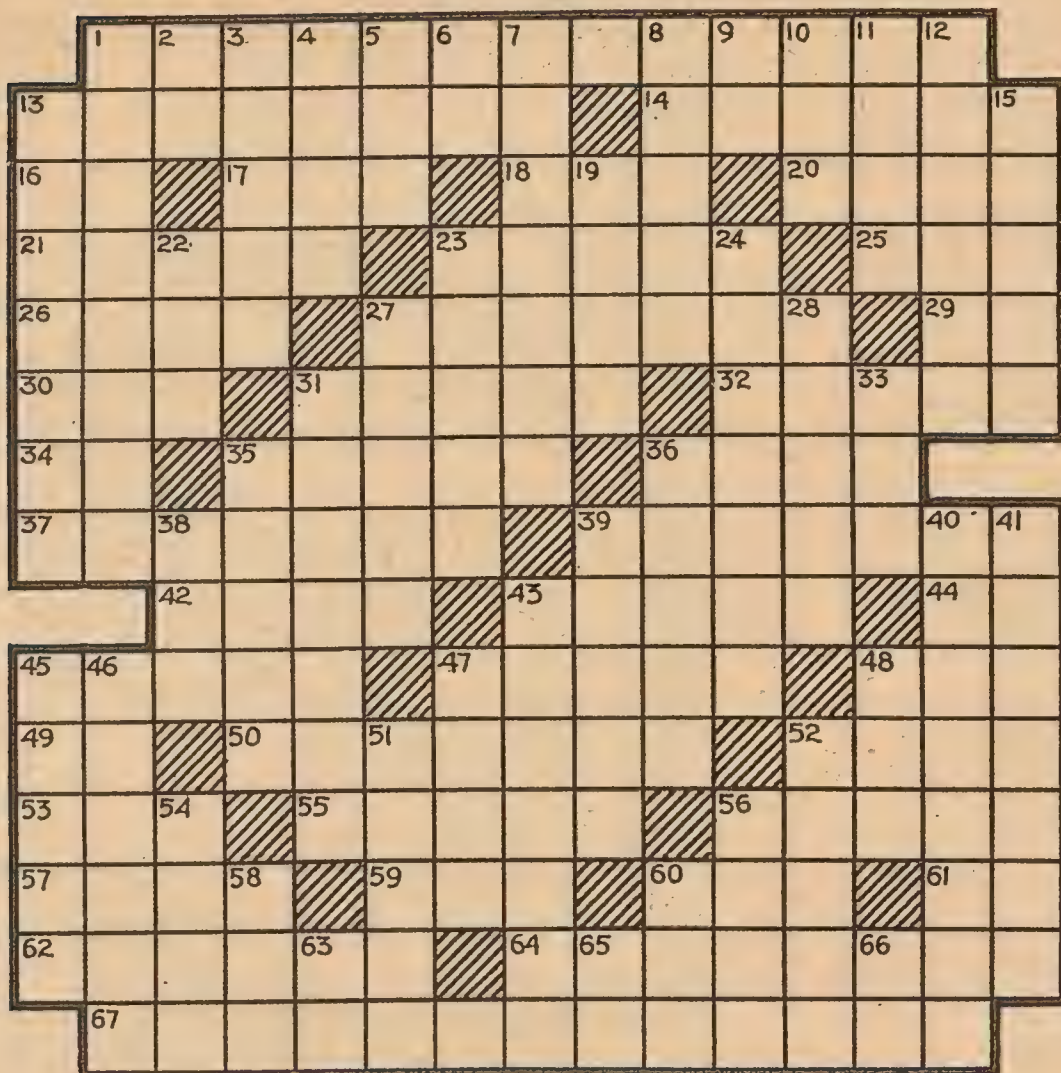
"While our three decoys were doing their stuff, Gregory sneaked out toward the left. He was uncovered. The enemy wing back had followed Hawkins and the safety man had trailed Oosterbaan. I let the ball go. It plumped into Gregory's arms. He fled for the distant goal line."

THE END

*Brain? Brawn? Well,
for Ways that Are Dark
and Tricks that Are Vain
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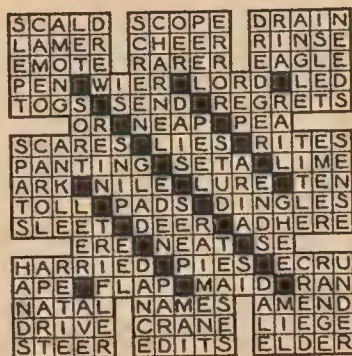
Cockeyed Crosswords

by TED SHANE



HORIZONTAL

- 1 Enjoyed by man and beast, this had a playful beginning and a filmy end (two words)
- 13 Saloons des Booze Arts
- 14 Future Fascist cannon fodder (plural)
- 16 Like
- 17 A believer in the buggy days
- 18 What the boys call Happy
- 20 Knight's dunking place
- 21 Higher-ups in the warehouse district
- 23 To spread loosely here and there upon
- 25 Bluebird, extinct (abbr.)
- 26 What a snake her bosom pal turned out to be!
- 27 What a relief when they're finally relieved!
- 29 Speech gap plug
- 30 To gain as a just recompense for exertion in Brooklyn
- 31 A standout in the China Sea
- 32 Cut it out
- 34 Two millions (abbr.)
- 35 The well known spirit of Hungary
- 36 A fraternal fellow (coll.)
- 37 Ate the heart out in a big way
- 39 What that schoolgirl complexion never is
- 42 High divers, full of squawks
- 43 What marriage does to the romance
- 44 A weigh the Chinese have
- 45 The gal Eve got Adam to fall from
- 47 To marry in haste
- 48 Grant, 1; He, 0
- 49 Can't start retiring without this
- 50 They flutter around Harlow's lamps



Answer to last week's puzzle

- 52 Homely pussies
- 53 Letter openers
- 55 Tony Weller's boy
- 56 It's a secret
- 57 Well known ratio
- 59 Burgle
- 60 No epicure, he
- 61 Ex-brown-derby wearer, he's now high-hat
- 62 What Mussolini mugs for
- 64 Speedily, in the horse-and-buggy days
- 67 He's got about 122-pound socks

VERTICAL

- 1 You can get this in the most beautiful shades imaginable
- 2 Means by which the Twentieth Century progresses (abbr.)
- 3 Poetic Greek dame
- 4 Superepochs
- 5 Negative
- 6 Time Debussy's faun had faun (abbr.)
- 7 Trash (pig Latin)
- 8 Herman Melville's Paradise
- 9 You Owe—as who doesn't!

- 10 Liquid nose rouge
- 11 Where young Britons learn never, never to be slaves
- 12 Whacked up
- 13 Where the lower classes look down on the upper
- 15 A big goggle
- 19 This is always standing or going forward on its stomach
- 22 This is pretty soft
- 23 It's dressing for dinner
- 24 To get knotted up in one's work
- 27 Phonies
- 28 Leg-show openings
- 31 Accompanists on the organ
- 33 Independent Underwear Losers (abbr.)
- 35 Mars' rest period
- 36 There's a stern sound to them
- 38 The perfect report
- 39 Queen of the Courts
- 40 He has a wonderful memory
- 41 They're responsible for a progressive revolutionary movement
- 43 The human ivy on the social register (is he on the up and up?)
- 45 What the old car couldn't make
- 46 A kick in the pants
- 47 Theatrical Saint
- 48 You can't get shellacked without it
- 51 The Mother of Vegetables
- 52 Gog's pal
- 54 Filling station
- 56 Miss Fan Tutti's given name
- 58 Cowfeteria
- 60 The, scrambled
- 63 Half cent
- 65 Foolish Wives (abbr.)
- 66 How you startled we!

The answer to this puzzle will appear in next week's issue



"It's the flavour"

Serve Teacher's...
the Scotch your friends enjoy. It's a gentleman's whisky. There's a hearty, genuine tang in the taste. Men like its friendly flavour. And the full-bodied mellowness of Teacher's is unique...so its friends will tell you.

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BLIGHTY AGAIN, AND VISIONS OF PARADISE... A NEW INTERLUDE IN A STIRRING SAGA OF TRAGIC GALLIPOLI

READING TIME ● 16 MINUTES 50 SECONDS

BACK at Anzac Cove—and glad to get there, after his harrowing experience with “the Madonna” in London—Digger found his comrades still deadlocked on their four hundred acres. The Turks had attacked and been repulsed. There had been an armistice for burials, and Red had then got back that bayonet with which Digger had seen him stab some antagonist in a duel in no man’s land. He now explained that his victim had been merely an enemy sniper; but he was unstrung, for on finding his bayonet in the body he had discovered that the sniper had been a woman.

On June 28 the Anzacs attacked. They were gaining ground when they were ordered to retire; it was only a demonstration to divert the enemy from the real attack at Cape Hellas. The Tommies down there failed of their objective, and the Anzacs, who might have cut off all the Turkish forces on the end of the peninsula, were bitter against the “generalship” that stopped them. On July 29-30 the enemy counterattacked them vainly, losing seven to eight thousand men. Through the heat of July they were on short rations of water and toiled night after night, tunneling and mining, to make ready for a heavy reinforcement. Their one recreation was swimming and sun-bathing under shellfire. While thus engaged, Digger “stopped a chunk of iron.”

PART SIX—LOVE-MAGIC AND GRIM REALITIES

IT began when the matron walked into the ward, stopped by my bed, and said: “Well, Digger, where did you get your packet?”

Or words to that effect.

I said, “Don’t be funny!”

The result was a severe reprimand. But it didn’t stop there. Everybody took it up. My packet became the joke of the hospital. Why should a wound in the rump be funny? One or two of the nursing sisters were tickled to death! When a fresh nurse came on duty the one going off would pass the joke on to her. There would be whispered asides and stifled giggles.

“A fragment of shell tore a piece out of his buttock when he was sun-bathing. Would you believe it! Imagine these fellows sun-bathing on Gallipoli! And after all the horrible tales we’ve heard about the place!”

The boys in the ward were unmerciful. When I awoke in a morning I would be greeted with sympathetic inquiries as to my welfare and state of progress:

“Morning, Digger. How’s your —?”

Until the sister threatened to report some of them for using unchaste language. That wound wasn’t really bad. The fragment had torn a jagged hole in the flesh. But there was always a chance of such a rent turning septic under the conditions of Gallipoli, so I was bundled off and found myself once more in Alexandria. It was the same hospital, though not the same ward, and I expect all that ragging was good for me—for the place was full of memories.

But in those places men came and went. Some got fit and were drafted back to Gallipoli, others went to Blighty, and some were carried out for the long journey. The joke that was so good for nine days grew stale. Sisters were more than considerate, even to using a screen when they brought along the wagon of dressings.

There was a Scot there, Nurse Gale, a fine buxom wench, strong as a horse but surprising gentle, with a



LEGION OF LOST SOULS

broad good-humored face and a merry mouth. She was my good friend, especially on night duty, when she would leave the screen round the bed and smuggle in friend Red, who was stationed at a convalescent depot near by. Those were great nights when he came hobbling down the ward on his gammy foot. He brought nourishment and took away the empty bottles when Nurse Gale warned him it was time to go.

I made discreet inquiries of Scotty. She had not been at the hospital when I had been there before, but she had heard of Nurse Waller. One day she brought news of Grace. It was possible that she would be returning to Alexandria. I suppose my excitement leaped into my eyes, for Scotty’s merry mouth opened wider. I imagine she



She turned tear-wet eyes, smiled. "Why am I always so weak?"

by CAPTAIN W. J. BLACKLEDGE

ILLUSTRATION BY WALTER M. BAUMHOFER

had a fellow feeling; she and Red were amazingly good friends. It transpired that Grace had recovered and was anxious to leave London.

"I believe she has some nasty scars on scalp and shoulders as a result of that air raid," said Scotty.

Scalps and scars, broken limbs and shattered bones, every sort of injury from blindness to paralysis, all manner of diseases, dysentery, jaundice, heatstroke, malaria, syphilis, black fever—just then life seemed to be full of these topics, and sisters, orderlies, and M.Os. discussed them with a matter-of-fact air, an unintentional callousness, even when their own friends were among the victims, that was really astounding. Man is indeed the most adaptable of all animals.

And I? I could think of nothing from then onward but the possibility of seeing Grace. No word had passed between us since I had been drafted back to the peninsula. As I lay in the hospital bed during those memorably hot

July days, yearning for more definite news, wondering whether, if she really was coming, I should be fit and drafted back before she arrived, I juggled with the notion of getting in touch with her.

In the end I put the notion to the test. Scotty Gale did some investigating, learned where Nurse Waller was to be located, and cabled. For the next few days I endured an agony of uncertainty—hope and despair. It was Scotty, bless her merry mouth, who brought me the hilarious news. We celebrated that night, the three of us, around my bed with the screen shutting out the world. It was a very subdued sort of party naturally, but it sent my temperature soaring just the same. There was no doubt about Grace's message. She begged me to use all my wits to hang on until she could make Alexandria, even if it meant a little wirepulling and a trifle of lead-swinging. And she gave the date of her sailing.

I think Red and Scotty were as excited as I—if that

★

**Others may
call you "kids" --
-- I call you
swell customers**

★

It is a real pleasure to write an advertisement to you boys and girls who read Liberty.

And the reason I feel that way about it is that you people don't want a lot of fancy words—you just want facts.

It makes me sore, and I guess it makes you sore, too, when grown-ups talk silly whenever they talk to "young people." Of course, I know you better than most people because I have been doing business with you for some time. And I'll say this for any one of you—you are "tougher" shoppers than a dozen men and women.

When you put a penny down on the counter, I know I have to give you a finer chewing gum than grown-ups get for their money—and more of it, too. And that's what you'll find in every penny's worth of Fleer's Dubble Bubble gum. Just remember to ask for it by name. We'll remember to give you the best gum that can be made.

If you ever have any suggestions, write me personally. I'll be glad to hear from you.

Sincerely,

Frank H. Fleer

President Frank H. Fleer Corp.
Makers of fine chewing gum for 30 years
Philadelphia, Pa.

FLEER'S
Dubble Bubble
CHEWING GUM



This was the Australians' and New Zealanders' first foothold on Gallipoli, the Peninsula of Death. A wartime photograph of Anzac Cove and the beach.

was possible. The M. O. thought I might try walking around in about a week. Barring setbacks, I should then have another fortnight or so before I need think about a draft back to Gallipoli. That seemed time enough. Thereafter days of arithmetical gymnastics, calendar calculations, counting of hours, and a conspiracy with Scotty.

Then a memorable night. Though the dressings were long since completed, Scotty came again, quietly drew the screen, and disappeared. When one has waited days, weeks, for a moment, it is astonishing how flat that moment can be. I wasn't in the least excited then. I knew the meaning of the screen, but I was as cool as a cucumber. The soft footfalls approaching down the silent dimly lighted ward produced nothing more than a pleasurable anticipation shadowed by a vague uneasiness. Was that London episode entirely forgotten?

A pause. A pause of incredible length, pregnant with half-formed yet catastrophic possibilities, prompting a quivering ache in the darkness of love. Perhaps I wasn't so very cool, after all.

Then, mysteriously, she was leaning over the bed. In the dimness she looked like a wraith—too good to be real. But there was no mistaking that Madonnalike head, the soft swell of that throat, the lift of the upper lip, the satin blue eyes shining in the dusky aura of her face, her even white teeth flashing a smile. She was laughing softly, then was grave again. That inimitable scent filled my nostrils as little hands crept, mouselike, about my neck. I held her down breathlessly. I could feel the thumping of her heart.

We had nothing to say. In our ken

tongues were dangerous. It was enough that I held her there, crouched over the bed, while we stared at each other. I wanted to go on looking into the duskiness of her face, feasting upon her eyes, upon her mouth. I wanted it to go on and on timelessly. I was crazy about her. Quite.

She was whispering huskily, asking that awful question: Where did I get my packet? She wouldn't believe. But she did not laugh. She was terribly, terribly serious. She was comically childish in her seriousness. The mouselike hand crept. Then she did believe.

"Oh, Digger!"

I HELD her close, would not let her relax. Time was limited. Time was damnable. The hours were on wings and minutes flew away into the night. I was a miser of seconds. For always, in that dark menacing background, was the shadow of the peninsula. We stared at each other. She saw that which was plain in my eyes. In hers was love strangely mingled with fear. She trembled in my hands.

"But, Digger," she said, "you're not fit."

But in that hour of love-magic I protested. I had already been up and about. On the morrow I should be allowed to walk out again. In a few days—all too few!—I should be going back across the Aegean. We would not argue any more. Reasons, arguments, justifications, attitudes—these we had left behind us in the darkness, in the undermurmurs of London's roar. The time for arguments was past. The great secret was ours. I could feel the wetness of her lashes brushing my face. For us then came true partnership in the abiding mystery.

The night stood still. At last she

spoke, in husky agitated whispers: "You mustn't go back there, darling! Ever! You must stay! You must stay! I won't let them send you back! We'll go away—somewhere! You can't go back now!"

I held her close, felt the sobs tearing her throat. There was nothing to say. This was no time for reasoning with woman. I felt the tremendous restraint in her. A word out of place, and she would have been broken utterly. But, just the same, in the privacy of my mind I was reasoning, reasoning quite cold-bloodedly. What man could not—afterward?

The hour grew late. We held each other taut. She was calm again. She was happy in her dreams, her private plans for our future. On the morrow I should be able to get out. We would walk abroad again in the highways and byways of Alexandria where we could talk freely. . . . Soft footsteps broke the stillness. A warning half-smothered cough reached us. Scotty came round the screen.

"It's very late," she whispered.

They looked at each other, those two women, then threw arms about each other and stood close for several long seconds. I lay still and marveled at this manifestation of feminine understanding and intuition. Women and the World War! I seemed to see the whole story in that tableau, that impulsive embrace of two very nice girls—to see the sacrifices of numberless women, the nurturing and mothering, the giving, always giving, the faith that is theirs through all man's savagery and terrorism, in spite of all his brutalities and bestialities and countless nameless degradations.

NEXT morning I awoke with a strange feeling of disaster impending. It was absurd, after so perfect a night. But it was there. It would not be denied. Why, after so wonderful an expression of happiness, should I wake up with this wretched morbid apprehension? Liver? I'd never experienced anything of that sort. It did not wane as the morning advanced. I got up and dressed, limped about the ward. Was I letting the menace of the peninsula get me down? It was childish.

I felt better after lunch, thinking of our rendezvous. Then I saw Scotty hurrying down the ward toward me. I was seated on the bed, fully dressed, ready to make my trial of the outside world. Scotty came up to me. She looked awful, her merry mouth all twisted up. Grace, she said, had had a relapse. We stared at each other.

"She's been put to bed," she said. "Pretty bad."

"Yes, it is," I said stupidly.

"I'm afraid your little jaunt is all off, Digger."

"She'll be better tomorrow."

Scotty shook her head. It was more serious than that. The M. O. was very angry with Grace. She had not been fit to leave London. Why had she traveled to Alexandria in that state? Well, Scotty and I knew the answer. She was being shot with dope and put



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to rest in a darkened room, and there was no possible chance of seeing her that day. Perhaps not for several days. And she had said to me, "But you're not fit." Never a word about herself.

What a woman! What a spirit! I had several days in which to think and ponder over the inexplicable wonder of her. I ought to have known. The shock of that raid on such a sensitive soul could not be banished in a matter of weeks. And how much better off was I now? One memorable night. But at what a cost!

A week later I went to see her. She was a pale little ghost in a mound of bed. I had never seen eyes so bright. They scared me. They burned like live coals. I've seen more than one man with nerves in shreds, more than one fighting for his sanity. But it's different watching a man, somehow. The mouselike hand was tinier than ever. It was like a baby's, but without the strength. Even then she could murmur, in that unforgettable husky voice of hers, how sorry she was to be letting me down. I wanted to blubber like a kid.

"You don't have to say that to me, little woman."

She smiled. She talked of getting better. She would be fit before I went back. Everything would be all right. I let it go at that. No point in telling her there wasn't a ghost of a chance, for I was out of dock then, on a bare ten days' sick leave. She did not know. How in hell could I tell her?

I knew what it was, knew just what was wrong. I was a jinx. No such intimacy could ever succeed with me. I was built that way—to destroy. There was a dread flame somewhere back of me. It burned up every approach to love. This was not the first experience of the kind.

But I had thought I'd lived it down. Years later I learned that one can't. It is in the bones, the blood. It is just there. It won't be gainsaid. It has cropped up since those Gallipoli days again and again. One has to believe, in the end. . . .

I SAW her many times during those eventful ensuing days. She recovered but slowly. I knew somehow she would never regain her full-blooded health and loveliness while I was near. It was so. We drove about Alexandria. She was the sweetest of invalids. The blaze of light in her eyes was too beautiful, too dazzling. She was happy, trustful, if incredibly weak. She smiled, always she smiled, this frail wisp of a once fine woman. There were times when I could hardly bear to look at her.

In the end she had to be told. I could hardly leave her without doing so. There was a big offensive coming off in Gallipoli. Men were being shuffled back with all possible speed. Red and I found ourselves in a draft. We were to move out early in the morning. But the night was ours. Red went off to make the most of it with Scotty. I went, furtively as it seemed, to Grace's quarters.

Her room was dim after the blaze of light in the streets, for the matting shades were down, covering the windows. I stood still, unable to see for a moment. There wasn't a sound in the room. Then I made her out; she was prone on the bed, dressed. She did not move until I went and knelt by her. Then she turned tear-wet eyes, smiled, murmured the query:

"Why am I always so weak?"

The husky voice tore at me. Something turned over inside me. She knew. Scotty had been there. She hated to give way, this woman with enormous power of will and body now so weak. We lay there and talked.

"If only it could always be like this!" she murmured wistfully.

"One day it will," said the liar.

FAR into the night we talked in hoarse whispers, two children conspiring to set their own little world to rights in the midst of this crazy world upheaval. Once she stirred, came close, the scent of her intoxicating the brain, dulling the mind.

"I can manage," in a murmur so low that I doubted my sense of hearing.

"No, no! You're not fit!"

The parrot words jumped to my tongue. But she understood them and the meaning behind them. At least I took away that memory, the memory of those last few hours in which there was perfect understanding, absolute sympathy, unutterable beauty.

I listened while she talked in low tones of how she would get fit, and how she would not rest until she had obtained a transfer to the Australian General Hospital at Mudros, because Mudros would be ever so much nearer to me.

"No. Don't do that, little woman. We shouldn't be any nearer, really. I could never visit Mudros. No woman is allowed on the peninsula. You would have a much better time in Alexandria."

"I don't want a better time. Mudros is only sixty miles from the peninsula. I should feel nearer, nearer to you. When the army moves across Gallipoli it's almost certain a general hospital will be established on the peninsula. Then we should both be there. We might even get to Constantinople together. You never know in this strange world. Besides, don't you think I should look nice in your Aussie sister's uniform of scarlet and gray?"

"You never look any other way to me," I said. "Not nice, though. Beautiful."

"And won't it be marvelous in Constantinople? Think of it, darling! Old Stambul with its seven hills and crumbling wall, its mosques and slender minarets, its picturesque streets and bazaars, and those Oriental crowds!"

I might have said that much of this sort of thing she had already experienced in Egypt. But I didn't. The farther view is always the more enchanting, and if ever a lovely soul had earned the right to dream, she cer-

tainly had. She put her dreams into words throughout that never-to-be-forgotten night. The impression it made upon me—the low sweet voice, huskily sweet; that never rose above a whisper; the shadows of the silent room, the mystery, the ineffaceable wonder of her yielding presence—will stay with me for all time. I could but remain still and listen, marveling at the stupendous spirit of her, the courage, the steadfastness of the woman who loves.

In that soft stillness I fancied I could hear the steady beating of her heart. I felt the slow measured respiratory movements of her body. I was conscious of trying to breathe in unison with her. Myriads of thoughts percolated through two minds, but the sweetest were hers. I was submerged in them. For they thrust away, if only for a brief hour or two, the menace of the peninsula.

"You're not asleep?"

There was a hint of merriment in the whisper. I was never so wide awake nor so receptive. I was absorbing the beauty of these moments, storing it up. One seemed to have such need for the solace of lovely memories. She laughed softly, so softly that it hurt. But she was happy. Nothing else mattered then. There was a silence. The delicious warmth of it enveloped us.

THUS hour after hour into the night we lay, fully awake, awake to each other, in that encircling darkness, sometimes with long silences where only thought lived, sometimes to the music of the Madonna's soothing undertones, sometimes to the little stirrings, the tiny rustlings that sent a tremor running lyrically through the body.

We emerged from this voyage of dreams with a sense of shock. A curious sort of light was percolating through the straw chick over the window. We sat up. Our thoughts had been so far, so very far away, that the meaning of this weird light did not dawn on us for several seconds. I know I thought of a distant fire; it must be a fire which was flooding all the sky with light.

We got up, padded to the window, stood there holding each other. The earth seemed bursting like a spray into a thousand colors. The light grew stronger. Great waves of it were flung into the sky. There was a quivering, a terrifying deluge of molten gold.

What a dawn!

"Radiance over darkness," murmured the Madonna.

The words rang in my ears as I stumbled back to blood-spilling realities.

"Blood-spilling" indeed! Digger was to take part in the campaign's long-heralded climax—the big push from Suvla Bay that led to the Battle of Sari Bair, a wholesale aimless butchery under Johnny Turk's guns in the badlands of hell! He will show you what that was like, and why it was a failure, next week.

COLDS

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"WHEN A COLD comes your way," modern physicians tell you, "you can often help throw it off more quickly by doing certain simple things." Here are two "first steps" to take:

- 1.—Cleanse the intestinal tract.
- 2.—Help Nature combat the acidity that frequently accompanies a cold.

You can do both these things at once by taking Sal Hepatica.

For not only does this mineral salt laxative cleanse the intestines—quickly, gently, thoroughly—but Sal Hepatica helps Nature combat acidity. In this way Sal Hepatica aids your system to return to its normal alkalinity.

See if your doctor doesn't stress the importance of both a laxative and an anti-acid in treating a cold.

So be modern. Whenever a cold threatens, take Sal Hepatica . . . two teaspoon-

fuls in a glass of water. Get plenty of rest—go to bed and call a doctor if your cold is severe. Watch your diet. Drink plenty of liquids. Get a bottle of Sal Hepatica today.



TUNE IN: Fred Allen's "Town Hall Tonight"—Full hour of music, drama, amateurs, fun. Every Wednesday night—N. B. C.

HOW SAFE IS

Could We Resist Invasion? . . .

Here's Startling Reassurance from a Fighting Man Who Knows

by MAJOR GENERAL SMEDLEY D. BUTLER

READING TIME • 9 MINUTES 16 SECONDS

CAN America be successfully invaded?

Are we at the mercy of any foreign Power, or coalition of Powers, who may be tempted to invade our nation and conquer our people? Is there a possibility that at a given moment a foreign horde may appear suddenly off our shores, conquer our navy, reduce our coast defense, land at our ports, rout our military, destroy our cities, and overrun our land, killing and looting as they advance?

With most of the world sitting on a powder keg, and any one of a handful of egomaniacs ready to set off the fuse, many of our people are genuinely apprehensive for our safety.

Before any nation, or coalition of nations, can plan an invasion of the United States it must take into consideration a great many factors.

Can it safely leave its own borders unguarded, its own people defenseless? Is its army large enough and does it possess sufficient trained reserves and enough young men to call upon during the course of the war that naturally would follow such an invasion? Has it enough money, or can it secure sufficient credits elsewhere, to finance such a war? Does it have within its own borders, or can it readily obtain, sufficient coal, oil, iron, copper, nitrates, cotton, manganese, nickel, potash, phosphates, tin, and the other raw materials essential to warmaking? Can it safely transport a sufficient number of its military, together with all the needed supplies and stores, over the required distance? Finally, if the invasion should prove unsuccessful, could it withdraw its forces without disaster?

Disregarding for the moment every factor—and each one is highly important in a military way—save the one of the ability to safely transport sufficient men and supplies over the required distance of ocean, the answer is:

With our present navy and our present military establishment, no foreign nation and no probable coalition of nations can successfully invade the United States.

If the United States did *not* have its present army and navy some desperate foreign Power might be foolish enough to make the attempt.

Any nation choosing to war upon us would have to come a minimum of 3,000 miles by water. No military man, no matter how reckless, ever would contemplate invading a nation of 130,000,000 people with less than 1,000,000 soldiers. Mussolini did not begin his war on Ethiopia—a nation of only 10,000,000 people, a nation virtually defenseless—until he had 400,000 soldiers in Africa.

And this minimum of 1,000,000 men to be at all effective would have to be transported in one great armada; would have to be landed safely on our shores, with a goodly percentage of their stores, within a period of about a week or ten days and along a comparatively short stretch of about 100 miles.

If the invaders arrived in dribbles of 25,000 or 50,000 men a day, our present troops would be able to destroy each landing group. If the invaders arrived over a widely scattered area, it would be an easy matter for our military to divide and defeat the enemy.

A million men, prepared for three months of living

and fighting overseas, would require 5,000,000 tons of food, ammunition, and supplies of all sorts.

There is hardly enough shipping in the entire world, including the United States, to transport 1,000,000 men and the necessary stores across 3,000 miles of ocean in a period of ten days.

In the World War, General Peyton C. March, Chief of Staff of the United States Army, had, as one of his major tasks, the moving of the A. E. F. According to General March, the best the United States could do, with the shipping of the entire world at its disposal, including the largest ships of the enemy which were interned here and elsewhere, and with all the ports of our allies available, was 1,000,000 men in four months. And the peak in supplies, according to General March, was 3,360,000 tons in our five best months.

To transport 1,000,000 men across the Atlantic Ocean would require almost 5,000,000 tons of shipping. To move the necessary supplies of 5,000,000 tons would require an additional 2,500,000 tons of shipping—a grand total of 7,500,000 tons of reliable ocean-going craft.

Now let us look at what is available in the way of tonnage. In the entire world there is a total of slightly less than 65,000,000 tons of shipping, and that includes fishing smacks, tugboats, and other small craft which would be useless for the transporting of men and supplies over long distances in wartime.

As a matter of fact all the maritime nations of the world together have only about 160 ships of 15,000 tons or more each, with a total tonnage of less than 3,500,000. If all these ships, and they include twenty of our own, could be mobilized, they would not be sufficient to carry the required men in one crossing from Europe or Asia to the United States.

MILITARY men, in planning a campaign, estimate an average of five tons of supplies necessary for one man for ninety days of fighting overseas. And that would be the minimum requirement for an army that was sent 3,000 miles or more from its own base over ocean water, with the possibility that its line of communications might be cut at any moment. That five tons includes food, clothing, trucks and other transport, ammunition, artillery, and the other essentials to modern warfare.

It is estimated, for instance, that an infantryman in the course of a day's fighting shoots his own weight in ammunition. A big artillery gun uses seventeen pounds each time it fires a shell, which, with the casing, weighs about twenty pounds. And these big guns shoot twenty shots a minute, which means 400 pounds a minute, or 24,000 pounds an hour, and that's twelve tons every hour of firing.

An army of 1,000,000 men would require 5,000 or 6,000 of these guns, each shooting twelve tons an hour.

Another factor that would have to be taken into consideration by any invader is that the ships would have to carry sufficient fuel (oil or coal) for a return trip, for they might be repelled at the coast, or, if they were successful, they would find no oil or coal at the coast because the defenders, required to withdraw, undoubtedly

AMERICA?



Major General
Smedley D. Butler.

would destroy all available supplies and blow up the docks.

So far we have discussed a possible invasion on the basis that the United States was entirely without a navy or coast defenses of any kind to impede the landing of an army.

And even under such circumstances, a tremendous problem is presented to any foreign nation contemplating the invasion of the United States.

But we are *not* defenseless.

Foreign invaders, with their troopships and convoy (only as fast moving as the slowest ship in the armada), taking at least ten days to cross the Atlantic or twenty days to cross the Pacific, would, first of all, be met by our navy—a modern, straight-shooting, hard-fighting outfit. The Panama Canal would enable us to assemble our Atlantic and Pacific fleets on either coast in ample time to meet any invader before he reached our coast.

If, somehow, the invaders should conquer and disable our fleet—and the only nation which has a fleet comparable to ours is England—our coast artillery, with its huge and powerful guns, would still be available. These coast-defense guns have a range of approximately thirty miles, some ten miles longer than the range of the biggest guns on the biggest ships afloat. The coast artillery could stand off any invader.

Many people fear big bombing planes, as it has been repeatedly asserted that aircraft can fly over either of the two oceans and bomb our cities. This is not true at the present time. Even though it should become a reality in the future, it is a development many, many years away before bombers can make a round trip over either ocean, and it would take a tremendous fleet of them to make any impression along our coast line. As a matter of fact airplane carriers, which might accompany an invading fleet, do not carry huge bombers; they could release only pursuit ships with machine guns or very light bombers with small and limited quantities of bombs.

Our own aircraft, plus the modern anti-aircraft guns which can force enemy planes to fly so high for safety that they cannot see the fortifications or properly aim, can protect our shore from such attack.

Overcoming these difficulties of fleet at sea, coast defense on shore, and air defense to boot—difficulties which, to a military man, seem almost insurmountable—our army could muster, in a shorter time than it would require an enemy to cross the ocean, our full force in the United States proper of about 100,000 regular army, 186,000 National Guard, and at least 116,000 trained reserves.

In addition to that, the enemy would have to contend with the natural hazards of great masses of ships moving over vast expanses of water, of storms at sea, and of difficulties with machinery, and all these contingencies must be considered by a nation planning an invasion.

Too, there is a limit to the number of men and the amount of material which can be landed in any one harbor. A harbor, to be of any value, would have to be one that is fully equipped and in friendly hands. Under

modern conditions and in terms of 1,000,000 men and 5,000,000 tons of stores, landings on beaches, as we marines used to do in Haiti and elsewhere, are impossible.

IT might be suggested that Russia or Japan could first seize Alaska and conduct operations from that point. Of course Alaska can be seized easily. But unless the Power that seizes Alaska is willing to fight Great Britain at the same time it fights the United States (by violating Canada's neutrality to reach the United States by land, she would automatically find Great Britain aligned against her), that Power would still be several thousand miles by water from the United States.

As for first invading and seizing Mexico, by the time a nation got through with that little task—it would be a harder one than conquering Ethiopia—the invader would be too played out physically and financially to take on Mexico's big neighbor, the United States.

Finally, no nation ever goes to war or enters into any sort of military campaign without a Black Plan—a plan providing for a sure retreat in case of disaster.

A nation invading the United States and meeting with disaster, either on our coast, when the United States navy would be encountered, or at the hands of our military if shore were gained, could not possibly retreat safely.

The whole thing was well explained by Marshal von Blücher, who was the great Prussian general who helped Wellington defeat Napoleon. When asked by the King of Prussia if he could land an army in the British Isles, Blücher replied:

"Yes, your Majesty, but how would we ever get it back?"

We require an adequate army and an adequate reserve in our National Guard. We have them now. We should keep our army at its present size, although it should be kept up to date in equipment and training. We should improve our defenses in the air.

If our army, navy, and air defense serve no other purpose, they at least keep our people from becoming nervous.

[The opinions or assertions contained herein are the private ones of the writer and are not to be construed as official or reflecting the views of the Navy Department or the naval service at large.

(Signed) S. D. BUTLER.]

THE END

NEW YORK is emphatically rodeo-conscious, for Colonel Manger's daring cowboys and cowgirls have hit the big town. Among them are Dusty Wyde and his sister, Patsy. Gray Star, the horse Patsy rides, is one of the show's sights. He is a famous trick animal provided by Hugh Branders after Patsy's own horse had been fatally injured in an accident.

Hugh, a young New Yorker, is in love with Patsy. But seemingly he's out of luck, for she loves Chance Wagner—a one-time neighbor of hers out in Montana—who is also with the rodeo. Hugh has been following the show, trying to keep wealthy willful Mildred Graham in line because of his friendship for her father. She is engaged to Hector Ryon, the rodeo's publicity man.

In New York, Mildred throws Hector over for Dusty, whom she has determined to marry, much to Patsy's disgust. And Patsy has heart complications of her own. Hugh Branders is bent on making her Mrs. Branders, though at the moment he is entangled in a marriage entered into on a wild impulse but never consummated. Then there is Monk Raleigh who wants to "make" Patsy. Monk is a rodeo judge whom she has scorned. His room, in the hotel where many of the Colonel's crowd are stopping, adjoins hers.

Luckily, Patsy has firm friends: among them Gail Parker, girl champion rider, and Sally Ross, married to One-Gut, the clown. She needs friends; for Monk bullies her into letting him into her bedchamber after he has locked the door that leads from her room to the hall. She knows he has the key in his shirt pocket.

When, catching her, he presses his lips against hers, she strikes him full in the face with her doubled fist.

"God almighty—my teeth!" he moans.

Some one pounds on the door. "Who's there?" Patsy calls.

ME. Sally. Sally Ross."

"Well, just a minute, will you?"

Patsy turned back to Monk. "How's for that key, big-timer?" she muttered.

Slowly he reached into his shirt pocket and fumbled for the key. He tossed it on Patsy's bed.

With a grim nod Patsy took hold of him under an elbow and steered him into his own room. Without a word she closed the door between the rooms and quietly moved the desk back into place. As she did so she noticed her own hand. It was bleeding lavishly, and on the knuckles were deep gashes from the marks of Monk's teeth. It was the same hand she had burned a week back, and the realization frightened her for a moment.

The knocking at the bedroom door redoubled, loud with impatience, accompanied by treble complaints from the clown's wife.

Quickly Patsy reached for the key and unlocked the door. Sally Ross took in the room with a gossip's look and her eyes widened with concern. "What in God's name happened to you?" she demanded.

"I hurt myself on the sewing machine. Got my hand caught in it. It's been sore from the burn and I was clumsy with it."

Patsy grabbed the bottles of iodine and peroxide that Chance had left on her bed and headed for the bathroom.

"You'll never make grand entry," Sally decided acidly. "It's near quarter to eight now and you ain't even dressed." Patsy groaned. She had poured peroxide over her hand, rinsed it, and poured iodine on the two deep cuts.

Sally regarded her with a motherly air, her small colorless face tilted to one side. "Pay me if I ride entry for you?"

Patsy glanced over at her. "Sure I'll pay you."

"O. K. Hope you make the rest of the show." The clown's wife turned and hurried out without another word, banging the door behind her.

Patsy sighed with relief. She had got away with the sewing-machine story. Sally would ride grand entry on Gray Star and save Patsy from a fine. So far, so good.

In feverish haste Patsy bound her hand and began to dress, but everything she did was impeded by clumsiness and the throb of pain. Breathlessly she scratched through the bedroom for the accessories of her costume. She was just adjusting her big hat with one hand when there was another rap on her door, staccato and demanding.

At her quick call the door opened as if her voice had been a spring that released it. Duke Hillman, the arena secretary, stuck in his head; and though the light shone on his glasses, hiding his expression, Patsy knew from the lean lined face that he was distressed.

"Heard you was hurt," he clipped.

The sight of Duke's kindly concern, the fact that he would take time to dash out of Madison Square Garden and over to the hotel to see if she were all right, filled Patsy with a quiet sense of security and friendship.

"Just my hand," she said. "'S nothin'. Just delayed me. But I'm all set now."

"Gail she let off a few remarks," he said slowly, "with points like pitchforks. I thought I'd see if you'd give me the truth."

"About what, Duke?"

"Seems Monk was late too. Seems he was hurt too. Seems he got kicked in the mouth by a mule."

"'S too bad," Patsy murmured.

Duke picked up her bandaged hand and felt of it with practiced fingers. He saw Patsy go white around the lips.

READING TIME • 29 MINUTES 15 SECONDS

RIDING HIGH

by Dora Macy

Author of Ex-Mistress and
Public Sweetheart Number One

*Death Strikes, and a Gallant Girl
Tells a Bright and Shining Lie, as a
Great Rodeo Novel Moves Swiftly On*

The horse had caught the nervousness of his rider. In the midst of a leap he ducked sidewise, cutting an arc that left him dazed.



"'Twould seem," he remarked, "that your sewin' machine had a disease. That's mighty swelled. Ask me, it's infected."

"I can ride, though, Duke. Don't rule me out. That's just exactly what Monk wants!"

"That's all I wanted to know!" Duke Hillman snapped. She caught hold of his sleeve. "Duke—please—I didn't mean nothin'."

He turned for a fraction of a moment, his finger stabbing the air with each word, a trick Duke had when he meant particular business.

"You pour ether on your hand and freeze it. Then you go on out and ride. I'm ridin' myself tonight, and I'm keepin' all four eyes right on Monk Raleigh. Whether I catch him at anything or not, there's goin' to be an investigation after the show."

"No, Duke. Don't start that. Please don't!"

"Listen. I've spent six years fightin' to keep this business clean and on the level. You can't bribe no animals. And we ain't harborin' no humans that's crooked. Tonight there's goin' to be either one judge less or no arena secretary. Now, hurry!"

He headed toward the stairs. . . .

Through the block and a half from the hotel to the Garden, Patsy raced with her loping Indian pace, unaware of the stares and remarks of city folk gaping at her. Into

the Garden and through the long unearthly tunnel entrance she ran, conscious of the cheers and hollering of

the crowds, the deep-chested bawlings of stock that sounded like the echo of another world. As she neared the arena the voice through the amplifier reached her, and she knew how late she was. The boys' bareback bucking event—and Chance riding.

She reached the chutes and tried to appear unhurried and natural, greeting the few riders who stood around preparing for their own calls. The Garden was jammed; the rodeo had caught the city's fancy and the gate had been increasing each night.

In the center of the tanbark a familiar figure topped by a large black Stetson was pitching bareback—Chance riding 'em. At the stock entrance stood Colonel Manger, a fat juicy smile on his round face.

Into Patsy's view Monk Raleigh rode on his famous cuttin' horse, his eyes mere slits as they judged every move Chance made. Patsy took one look at Monk's face and gasped audibly. His lips were puffed and raw. His skin was so yellow-pale that the old scar on his cheek stood out like a whip mark. His expression was grim and foreboding. For the first time in her life, Patsy knew a feeling of faintness, of fear so completely overpowering that

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the lining and filling of her caved in. "Gawd!" Sally Ross caught hold of Patsy's shoulder. "You're nuts to ride if it hurts like that. Go ask a postponement. Gail, you make Duke postpone her."

Gail's dark eyes turned from the arena. "Leave Duke alone," she said fiercely. "I just seen him come in, and somethin's up with him. Look!"

Following Gail's troubled gaze, Patsy saw Duke push past the Colonel and cross the length of the arena near the boxes with his awkward bowlegged lurch. His lean face was set in a granite line.

"It ain't often he's waspy," Gail murmured almost to herself. "But, boy, somebody's in for trouble tonight!"

"Just the same," Sally blurted, "he shouldn't let Patsy ride. You ain't been winnin' none anyway, Patsy. Why be ornery?"

"She's right," Gail snapped. "Why don't you drop out? Somethin's goin' to happen tonight—mark my words. It's in the air. Don't let it be you."

"Nothin's goin' to happen to me," Patsy insisted. "My hand's just cut. That ain't what's got me upset. I—I'm worried about Dusty. That's all."

Gail's eyes widened. "Don't blame you, with the horse he drawed," she murmured.

"What horse?" Patsy asked; but no one heard her puzzled question.

A roar of applause blasted the air. Chance had made his ride; he was having his momentary acclaim.

Almost instantly her brother's name was announced. A chute gate shot open, and Dusty, arm upraised, bolted into the arena. She knew the horse he straddled—Dusty had ridden it three times in a year. What had Gail meant, then? Probably she referred to the saddle-bronc event and some bronc that Dusty had drawn for it. But Dusty could ride most any horse. She watched him now, and pride filled her for his strong, easy prowess. Then she peered, puzzled, and gasped.

She caught hold of Sally Ross's arm. "Am I crazy, Sally, or is Dusty wearin' a flower?"

"I guess you ain't crazy," Sally smirked. "But shut up about it."

"Why?"

A WEIGHT lurched against her back, and Patsy wheeled about to face Hector Ryon.

"Shurrup about it 'cause I'm here," he explained thickly. "Save my feelin's. Yah! Look at Box Fifty-one. See 'nother flower? See Mildred wearin' white rose? Huh, she hasn't rated white since she wore diapers!"

"Keep quiet, Irishman," Sally Ross protested. "You're makin' a scene."

"No use makin' a scene," Patsy mustered a smile. "If Dusty's took to wearin' flowers, he's a goner."

Hector stared moodily. Overhead the announcer was explaining to the audience the girls' bronc-riding event about to take place.

"He's a goner anyway," Hector said softly. "Dusty's ridin' Third

Rail tonight in Event Eight. Worst bronc in the string."

Patsy blinked. She knew, now, what Gail had meant. Patsy had seen Third Rail kill a boy once, in San Antonio. Third Rail was famous in the horse world as Colonel Manger's prize bronc. Hector's eyes gleamed with anticipatory triumph. Perhaps he figured God was on his side, and counted on the horse to kill Dusty for him.

"Gotta get my saddle," Patsy said abruptly, and left.

Behind the end chute she fumbled among the cans and rags, and, holding her bandaged hand away from her, poured a copious amount of ether over it. It stung so, the tears smarted in her eyes. But presently the throbbing would dull and for fifteen minutes or so she would have so little feeling in her hand that it would be like fighting a winter freeze in Montana to hold her reins.

SHE climbed into her chaps, snapped them, and headed toward her chute. So engrossed were her thoughts with the stages of numbness creeping into her hand that a familiar figure had stepped directly in her path before she recognized her brother.

"Where the hell have you been?" Dusty snarled. "You wasn't here for entry."

"Get out of my way."

"Look! I don't think you should ride. How bad is your hand?"

"I said get out of my way. You and your posy!"

She reached up in a redheaded temper, snatched the flower from his shoulder, and tossed it on the ground.

Dusty's lips puckered as if they were seamed and the thread had been pulled too tight.

"Now, you stumphead!" Patsy snapped. "Go and get married without so much as tellin' me! I'm feelin' pretty hostile, so get out of my way."

Her words seemed to shove him physically aside. She stalked past him, acutely aware of Hector, perched on the top rail of one of the pens, watching with bloodshot narrowed eyes. Hastily she handed up her saddle to the helper and began climbing the chute, ignoring the complaints of delay by the two men who had to saddle her bronc. Even the saddle judge was surly until he saw her bandaged hand.

Her name was being called even as she put her feet into the stirrups. She gripped the reins, flexed her hand under the bandage. A hot pain licked up through her arm. Over and over she heard voices asking if she were ready. The horse under her stamped and reared, and a murmur of pleasant fear went through the audience. The amplifier's bulbous tones beat through her:

"Come, come, Patsy, don't keep us waiting. Everybody else rides in the arena."

A wave of laughter from the edgy onlookers at this quip. Patsy tossed her head; her hand froze on to the rein. "Ready," she said tersely.

Her gate swung open. She caught

one clear flash of Monk's face, head lowered, mouth distorted; she even saw the dark patches of sweat on his shirt.

"Here she comes, folks!" The amplifier was like the echo of a dream. "Patsy Wyde of Montana ridin' Snubnose, and he don't like it none."

He didn't like it none, either. The horse had caught the nervousness of his rider and was heady with it. In the midst of a leap he ducked sidewise, cutting an arc that left him dazed. He had almost yanked one rein from his rider's hold. But into his sides were pressed his rider's spurs and her knees held him like clamps.

He gasped for breath and freedom, and, abandoning all sense, sunfished with the crazy aimless struggle of a drowning victim. A whistle cut through his ears, and a prolonged audible sigh vibrated through the building. The six seconds were over, but Snubnose paid no attention. Two horses approached him. The pickup man from behind relieved him of his rider with a sure swift swoop. Immediately the load was gone, Snubnose calmed down. Meekly he let himself be led out of the arena.

Patsy slid off the pickup man's horse in the center of the arena, as was required of her. She was wholly unaware of the applause that marked her long walk back to the chutes. The pain was returning, and Patsy, her eyes fixed on Duke Hillman as a guiding post, was walking with a glassy stare. It would pass in a moment; but the first jab of pain almost knocked her down.

DUKE guessed it and came toward her. His hand just above her elbow was steadying. "Great stuff, child," he said. "But no trick ridin' tonight."

"Duke, don't make that an order. I got time to change the bandage, and it's all right, I tell you."

"Gail Parker in Chute Number Seven," came the announcer's hoarse tones. "Woman champion of the world riding Little Demon!"

Duke stopped short; turned to watch. There was something in his manner that caused Patsy to stop beside him. She too watched Gail streak out of the chute, and after the first gyrations of her horse Patsy glanced up at Duke. Aware of her probing eyes, he looked at her and grinned foolishly.

"Can you keep a secret?" he mumbled. "Gail and me is goin' to get married again."

"Oh, Duke, I'm glad!"

"Well, see you don't say nothin'. She don't know it yet."

Automatically Patsy raised her right hand, and winced. Forgetful of her hurt, she had meant to pat Duke on the back, when a stab of pain halted her. Duke frowned irritably. "Now look here, Patsy," he began sharply.

But she shook her head at him like a cornered child.

"No—no! You can't give me that order," she panted.

She turned and darted away from

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him, pushing through the little knot of contestants that bottled up the exit, against all rules. She rushed past the first-aid room, knowing that was the first place Duke would send for her. In the ladies' room, she held her hand under cold water. Then, with one corner of a towel between her teeth, she tore strips and rebound her hand as best she could. She lingered in the place, her hand held high above her head to curb the bleeding, her mind busy trying to gauge time by the cheers, the music, and the occasional words that came to her from the amplifier.

All through the calf-roping event, the trick and fancy roping exhibition, the mounted basketball game, she waited. Then the cowboys' bronc-riding contest was announced, and the temptation to watch Dusty ride Third Rail was too great. Carefully she sneaked back to the pens and toward the chute entrance. Already the first boy was out and riding.

"Don't hardly expect to ride Third Rail," Dusty was saying, "but nothin' like tryin'. I may be out of average, but I'll still lead in day money."

"You'll lead in an ambulance," Gumbo Smith snorted. "We'll all take up a collection for you, Dusty. Hope you has a pretty nurse."

Patsy started toward her brother, eager to give him a word of encouragement, when Gail Parker caught at her shoulder and swung her around. "Where you been?"

"Fixin' my hand. Why?"

"Where's Duke?"

"How'd I know?"

"You two had a argament, didn't you? I seed you. What was it about?"

"Since when do you have to know everything?" Patsy asked hotly.

"You runned off from him. Duke's so mad he couldn't speak."

The announcer's voice topped them:

"Dusty Wyde of Montana in Chute Number Three. Watch Chute Number Three, ladies and gentlemen! You're about to see the wildest outlaw horse in all . . ."

"Let me go!" Patsy cried frantically. "Let me go!"

AROUND the corner of the pen came a figure at such speed that neither girl could get out of the way in time. Hector Ryon tripped over Gail, cursed volubly, and, pushing through them, rushed on toward the arena.

"The Colonel," he mumbled thickly. "Message for the Colonel."

Their argument forgotten, both girls stared.

"Here he comes, folks! Dusty Wyde on *Third Rail*. Let 'er go!"

Breathlessly Patsy darted away from Gail. Unable to get past the group clustered at the entrance, she climbed halfway up on one of the chutes.

Gate Three opened, and Patsy's eyes iced with excitement. She felt a prayer thunder through her as she saw the oversized tawny horse come through, Dusty dauntless and gum-faced on top of him.

Not more than fifteen feet from the chute, Third Rail stopped short. The big powerful beast stood uncertain a moment, and then visibly shivered. A questioning murmur ran through the crowd, a muffled spattering of shocked oaths from the group of cowboys at Patsy's feet.

Valiantly Dusty spurred. Automatically a pickup man near by fanned the air with his hand. But Third Rail would have none of it. He walked a few paces forward and stopped dead still. His belly labored in spasmodic breathing. His head went down with a sickening give.

The crowd booed. Topping it, the swollen voice of the amplifier tried to straighten matters out:

"Something's the matter, folks. Third Rail seems sick. This will mean, of course, that Dusty Wyde will get a reride. He'll get another mount and . . ."

Dusty dismounted. A few boos greeted him, and the amplifier quickly rehearsed Dusty's record, his high rating at this stage of the year's contests. The pickup man was leading off Third Rail, who seemed pitifully comforted that some one was taking him in hand. The horse was barely able to walk the length of the arena.

COLONEL MANGER stalked from his position at the far end, traversing the arena toward the chutes. Halfway, Hector Ryon met him, and Patsy saw the Colonel smile, trying to cue Hector to show no excitement.

The group at her feet had grown. Patsy clung to the chute, gazing down on them. The amplifier called out for Chance Wagner to get ready. The audience obediently watched the next chute open and the next boy and horse fighting it out. But the rodeo folk were not watching Chance in the arena. Patsy heard the word "buck-shot" and felt her stomach turn. She had never seen a horse fixed before; but she had heard about it, knew the effects. If some one slipped buckshot in a horse's ear, it got lodged in his head, and if it worked down into the horse's head, within a few days the critter would be dead.

She heard Hector's voice, wiry and hysterical, as he and the Colonel reached the group: "Of course he did it! Half a dozen cowboys here heard him say he didn't hope to ride it. I'm telling you, he—"

"Shut up!" The Colonel's smile was broad, his tone flat. His washed-out eyes surveyed the group of tense faces harshly, but a party smile lingered on his thin old lips. "Who done it?" he snapped.

Silence.

"Go on with the show," he ordered quietly. "Duke's ridin' next. Dusty, you take your reride after that on Camphor. I want everybody to act as if nothin' had happened. But I'm warnin' you! I'll find out who done it!"

For a moment the smile vanished. His face was like an old warrior's as he turned his full gaze on Dusty.

"Look here, Colonel," Dusty pro-

tested. "There ain't a man alive, not even you, dares face me with that!"

"I'd hate to think it of you, Dusty—money-crazy, girl-crazy, or anything else," the Colonel said curtly. "But you'll have to prove it. I want the truth and I'm agoin' to have it."

Only Patsy caught the quick flex of the muscles around Hector's lips. Suddenly it was clear to her! She remembered seeing Hector perched on top of the chute rail. Sometime in the past hour Hector had slipped the shot in Third Rail's ear. No better way in the world of wiping Dusty from the slate. Not only with Mildred but with his own world. Queering him forever as a yellow louse. This piece of enmity would cost her brother his reputation of years' standing. He'd be kicked out of the rodeo world, and his disgrace would follow him forever, marking him throughout North, West, and South.

But how could she prove it? If Hector had done it, he had probably thought of an answer to anything, provided for any circumstance. He had, no doubt, been days thinking up retaliation, and surely he had been careful not to be seen. Suppose she accused him now and he successfully routed her implications? Then she'd only be thrown out for making trouble, starting a row.

Patsy looked at Dusty's indignant face and came to a swift decision. After all, she was only at the start of her own career—and a pretty bad start it was, thanks to Monk. It didn't matter, anyway, what anybody thought of her. She was nothing in the rodeo world. But it was Dusty's whole life.

WITH a swift leap, she jumped down off the chute into the group and caught the Colonel's sleeve.

"I guess," she said quietly, "the least I might do is admit it. You'll find out anyway."

The breathy silence about her was painful.

She reached up to the felt number tied on her right arm and began to slip it off. The Colonel took a step toward her, hesitated. "What'd you do it for?" he demanded.

Patsy shrugged. Tears smarted in her eyes.

"I was afeared for Dusty," she managed. "I seen Third Rail kill a boy once in San Antone."

She felt her face flood red with the shame of such a lie. She longed to fling up her head and tell them that she'd stake her brother against any horse on earth.

"Do your trick ridin' tonight." The Colonel's voice was terse and decisive. "I want the whole show to run as if nothin' had happened. Snap into it, all of you! Chance is finished buckin'. Duke Hillman's next, and Dusty after that. As for you, Patsy, turn in your number after the show. You're through. But you'll pay for that horse—the full amount—if it's the last thing you ever do, bigod!"

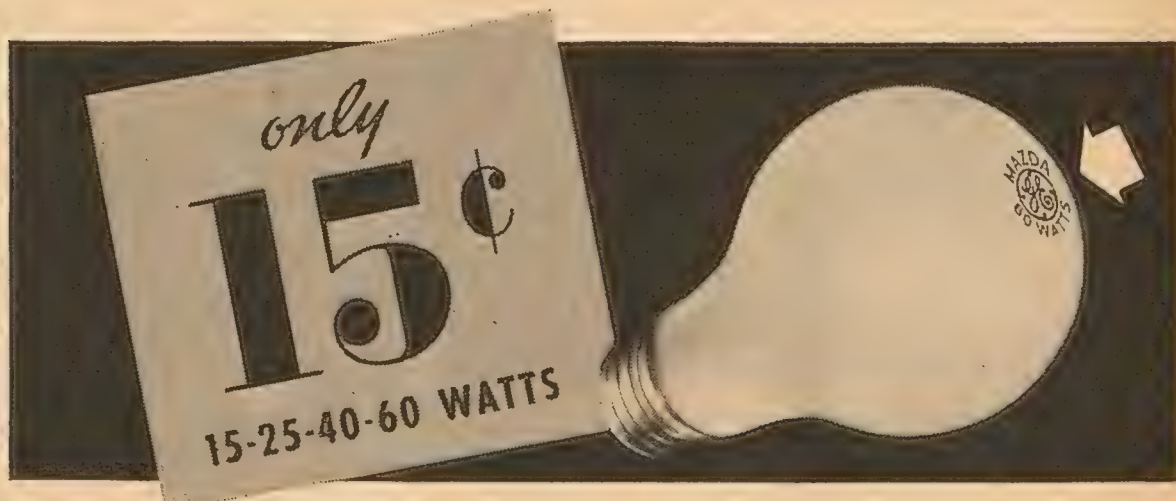
He turned and snapped his fingers. "Break up!" he ordered. "And no



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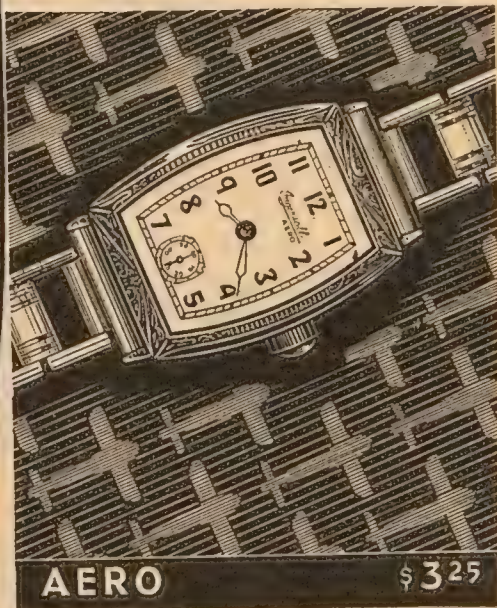


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talk about this. Go on! Get movin'."

Patsy looked up for the first time, her eyes seeking Dusty. She shuddered at the force of the anger in his face. Instinctively she stepped toward him, her hand out, her lips fumbling for words.

He struck at her hand as she approached him.

"Dusty!" she gasped.

"Don't talk to me!" he snarled. "You ain't no Wyde. We don't breed 'em so rotten low and crooked. Whether you did it for me or not, I don't want no part of you. I don't know you!"

He turned on his heel and stalked away, pushing blindly past the few loiterers toward his chute.

Patsy caught hold of a railing to steady herself. Overhead the announcer was outdoing himself, surcharged with the need of distraction to help the show over an unfortunate scene.

"Duke Hillman of San Antone coming out of Chute Seven, riding Gumdrop. You all remember Duke, folks. He was champ of three events in '27, and won the Prince of Wales trophy at Calgary..."

But Patsy wasn't listening. She heard only her brother's words echoing and re-echoing in her ears louder than any amplifier.

A figure squeezed into the corner beside her, and in a daze Patsy glanced up. Gail Parker had never seemed so tall. Her eyes had a phosphorescent light and her nostrils quivered above her large stern mouth.

"Listen, white woman," she breathed. "You can find some one else to room with. You be outa that room before I show up tonight, or I'll skin you!"

A SCREAM broke through her words—a sound that would haunt Patsy's dreams for years to come. The inarticulate cry of thousands who had come for fun, and who suddenly saw death take possession of the arena, told the story more graphically than the headlines that would describe it to the world tomorrow.

Patsy, glancing out into the ring, caught a glimpse of Duke Hillman thrown helpless, one arm outflung, his face blocked out with blood, his white hair like lifeless feathers in the tan-bark and sawdust. She saw a brown mustang, every muscle corded with the intent to kill, rise with a violent snort and stamp its hoofs relentlessly down on Duke's inert body.

Then she felt some one push past her violently. Over and above the

crowd came one full-throated wail. Gail was stumbling blindly into the arena toward Duke. One of the boys caught and held her, clapping his hand over her mouth.

The pickup men had roped the outlaw and thrown him, and the big brown beast lay, its belly heaving mightily, its tongue lolling crazily in its open mouth. Even Colonel Manger had mounted and was in the center of activity. Then several men pushed out of the little group, carrying Duke so close that the audience could not see how bloody and battered his poor body was.

THE Colonel dismounted and clambered up to the announcer's box, and Patsy heard his quavering voice tell the audience that everything would be done for Duke Hillman that could be done.

He led the audience in cheers for the old-time champion of San Antone, then announced Dusty Wyde ready for his reride of the evening.

Chute Number Five was flung open and Dusty rode out into the ring on Camphor. But Patsy hardly glanced at her brother. She was remembering Duke earlier in the evening—the tenderness on his face, and his shy secret—not more than forty-five minutes ago telling her that he and Gail were going to be married again. "Only she don't know it yet."

She would want to know it. It would mean everything to Gail to know it, even too late.

Swiftly Patsy made her way under the basement tunnel toward the first-aid room. Outside, a small pitiful group huddled in blank silence. The door stood open and Patsy pushed past. A white-clad figure was bent over Duke lying motionless on a table. The doctor glanced up. "Dead!" he mumbled, nodding. "Killed outright."

A soft whimper filled the room, like the sound of an animal giving voice to hurt even under anesthetic. With a rush of emotion, Patsy went to Gail, her arms outstretched to enfold her. She felt the biting blow of an open palm on her cheek almost before she realized that Gail had struck her. "Take your dirty crooked hands off me!" She heard Gail's voice, harsh and shrill. "Get out of my sight and stay out!"

Staring and stupefied, Patsy saw the man beside her grasp Gail roughly, holding her back. Then a pair of arms switched Patsy around and started hustling her out of the room. And, following her, Gail's voice was

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shrieking like a madwoman's: "She had a row with Duke—I seen it—and he was sore. It was just before she tampered with Third Rail, too, and I bet he knew what she was up to. He had it in for her. He was searchin' for her, and that sneakin' little sow was—"

Outside the room the voice trailed off. Some one had kicked the door closed. Terrified, Patsy faced the hushed group of workhands and unslated cowboys. Each face she glanced at was ominously accusing, hostile. A wave of fear washed over her. Her own world was against her, justly or unjustly, and she knew how swiftly and ruthlessly the scales were balanced in the West. In their eyes, she had committed the unpardonable sin—had publicly admitted it. She had confessed to cheating in a contest. She had resorted to slaughter in a world that prided itself on fair play.

Clearly she recalled the voice of her own brother denouncing her with loathing and disgust. Even he had believed her guilty—without question.

A rush of temper galvanized her. She was square with herself, and that was all that counted. Without a word she walked past the threatening group of cowboys. Something in the lift of her face caused them to make way for her. She heard one filthy word called after her, but it was like a shot wide of its mark; it didn't touch her. With clear-minded detachment she edged to the pens and took in the status of the show. At the far end were already grouped the eight special trick riders. She saw Gray Star saddled and ready, waiting for her.

Calmly she walked the length of the arena, looking at no one. Her fellow riders, poised and ready to enter the ring, did not greet her.

She changed into sneakers and mounted Gray Star, aware that no groom or hostler lifted a hand to help her. That doubled her redheaded temper. She pulled down her hat with a yank, tightened the strap under her chin, and stared around her with contemptuous bitter eyes.

But, eye for eye, the eight riders flashed silent hatred back at her, and the words of scorn withered on her lips and her heart ached as sharply as her hand. At the same moment the chords of Collegiate filled the arena, and the announcer's voice called off the names of those in the coming exhibition. An elastic snap of action, and each rider and horse bent forward. The barrier opened and the line of eight tore through at a double gallop. The horses caught the beat of the music as they circled the arena that somehow still smelled oppressively of blood and death. Riders grinned dutifully, yipping in savage howls to whoop it up.

ALL but one rider stopped with a breathless halt when the circle was ridden. Mugs Kelly soloed first, a little jockey weight, doing double vaults. As he reached the finish of the ring, the second rider was streaking off, shaking the audience out of its lingering pall of guilty daze with his cart wheels and croupiers. Even as he tore to the finish, Patsy and Gray Star were off. Patsy, in a sort of fourth dimension of consciousness, hoisted herself to shoulder and head stands, aware of the loping pony beneath her, conscious of the rhythm of music and hoof, but almost dispossessed of the body that she managed like an automaton. She was unaware of any pain in her hand, oblivious to any applause as she finished her round.

Four times she rode her circle. At last the pain in her hand became so sharp that it seemed a cord that pulled her up and over her horse, like an unbreakable cable that held her and Gray Star together. As she finished the last circle, she slumped forward. For a moment it seemed certain she would slide off the saddle, and then Mugs Kelly crowded close, pretending his horse was unmanageable. He kicked her viciously—warningly; and Patsy yanked herself upright and set her hot sweating lips into a smile. A moment later and the line of eight rode out of the ring. With a sigh Patsy piled off Gray Star. She was unaware that her lips were moving; she knew only she was telling herself not to keel over.

Some one touched her arm, and she peered blankly at the lank figure of Parson Dunwoodie.

"I want your number!" he demanded.

She nodded, barely understanding.

"Well, hand it over!" he snapped. "You're through."



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She fumbled at the felt number tied to her arm, working it loose. Without a word she handed it to Parson, and started past him. "By the way!"—his voice stopped her. "We're holdin' services for Duke here in the arena after the show. You ain't wanted. Is that clear?"

She nodded mutely.

Parson hitched up his work-stained trousers and spat explosively to one side. "What's more," he added slowly, "I'm tellin' you, just for your own good, you'd better dam'sight clear out of your room in a hurry. Gail ain't listenin' to reason. None of us would bet a nickel on your future if she catches you within reach. Get me?"

Patsy turned and stumbled blindly toward the street exit.

What becomes of Patsy? Do all her friends desert her—even Chance and Hugh? Next week's installment holds some startling revelations. Don't miss it!

GOOD BOOKS

by OLIVER SWIFT

★★★ A PUZZLE FOR FOOLS by Patrick Quentin. Simon & Schuster.

Murder in a bughouse. A peach of a yarn—in spite of the publishers' blurb of Babylonian bragging.

★★★ MOHAMMED by Essad Bey. Longmans, Green & Company.

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★★ ½ WILL ROGERS WIT AND WISDOM Compiled by Jack Lait. Frederick A. Stokes Company.

A collection of the well loved comedian's choicest quips and wisecracks. Illustrated by thirty-two excellent photographs. An excellent souvenir for his admirers.

★★ THE HATCH WAY by Eric Hatch. Little, Brown & Company.

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★ PERSONAL TRAGEDY by Louis S. Bardoly. Doyle & Waltz.

An unproduced play written by a doctor to prove that deficient babies should be killed at birth before they can work such tragedy as the play depicts. Its propaganda is stronger than its dramatic value.

★ THE CRIME AND THE CRIMINAL: A Psychiatric Study of the Lindbergh Case, by Dudley D. Shoenfeld, M. D. Covici, Friede.

Written by the psychiatrist mentioned by Leigh Matteson in his articles in Liberty Magazine, the book adds the Freudian blessing to the theory that Hauptmann did the job alone. In addition to the author's story of his own efforts in the case, there is a condensation of the trial testimony with psycho-analytical asides. The book achieves the unparalleled feat of making the Lindbergh-Hauptmann case seem dull.



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*He Lost His Name—but
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of Sid Silvers*

Public Stooze Number
One rehearsing with
Una Merkel (at right)
and Eleanor Powell,
for *Born to Dance*.



The World's Most Unknown Comedian

by FREDERICK JAMES SMITH

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THIS is the seriocomic story of a man who lost his identity—and took eight years to find it.

It is the tragedy and comedy of a stooze.

You have heard of a stooze. He was the nameless person who used to talk back and sing back to a vaudeville comedian in the old days when there was vaudeville.

The very first of these men without a name was Sid Silvers.

Today he is one of Hollywood's highest priced clowns. He writes the musical shows for Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer and is starred in them. Remember him in *Broadway Melody* of 1936 with Jack Benny? You will see him next with Eleanor Powell in *Born to Dance*.

Silvers was born in Brooklyn on January 1, 1904. He grew up in a tough district. His tenement faced the back of a tenement in which dwelt the Yale boys, destined to achieve their measure of fame as racketeers and bad men of the good old prohibition days. Sid ran errands for them. In a kid gang battle he was thrown down a sewer, fracturing his nose.

"Mom didn't have a doctor," details Silvers, telling of his birth, "just a midwife. Dad was pretty ill at the time. Between everything they forgot to register my birth, and until I paid income tax I wasn't officially in

this world. I was a stooze to start with. I never went to school. The school people thought I was too young. I was a little runt. I'm only five foot three now.

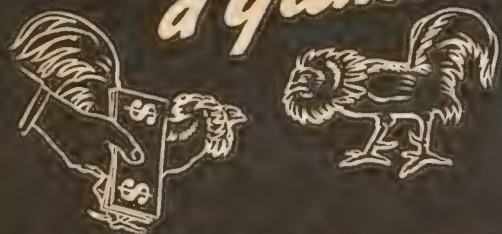
"Got my first job at nine, delivering drugstore packages. Then I worked in a place making enamel automobile emblems. I always wanted to be a musician. I'd slip off by myself and play make-believe instruments and lead imaginary bands.

"During lunch hours, in a chemical factory on Nassau Street, I'd take my sandwiches and go off and sing by myself. I lost that job when I knocked down a bottle of chemicals and the factory burned down.

"Well, I had to get another job. One of my brothers, Lou, was with Al Jolson. He wrote *April Showers* with Buddy De Sylva. They opened offices when they published the song, and the place lasted just as long as the song. I worked there until the doors closed. Then I got a job with the Jack Robbins Publishing Company. I was sixteen and they made me a song plugger. My job was to tour the New York dance halls, getting orchestras to play Robbins songs."

Here is how Silvers lost his identity and became a stooze. Phil Baker was a prominent vaudeville headliner at this time. He had written a song hit, *Forever*

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After, and he had a successful variety turn, in which a plant, a boy sitting in a stage box, would get up and sing a song. The boy suddenly was taken ill and Baker came around to the Robbins offices in desperation.

"I've got to get a kid who can sing," he told the Robbins people. Silvers happened to be standing by, and got the job.

"That's how I was hired," Sid says. "I followed Baker out, carrying his two accordions—and lost the name of Silvers then and there.

"We were going on that afternoon, Monday matinee. In the excitement I forgot to get the key of the song. There I was sitting up in a stage box. The orchestra played a few bars and I started. Too high. I stopped. The orchestra started again. This time the music was too low. My voice quit on me. I just shook.

"Say, what kind of a voice have you got?" demanded Baker from the stage.

"I dunno," I answered. "Maybe a tenor, maybe a baritone."

"The house howled.

"Finally I found the key and sang the song. I came backstage after, expecting to be fired. 'I'm sorry,' I said.

"Baker looked me over. 'We'll keep all that in,' he said; 'it's pretty good.'

"I can be funnier," I said, and immediately I was a comedian.

"THAT'S how the first stooge started. In six weeks I had improvised an act from the box. I don't know how Baker first came to call me a stooge. A stooge, according to the encyclopedias, was what they used to call a hot student at Cambridge or Oxford, a guy who devoted all his time to study. We took the word stooge from a smart guy to a dope.

"Once a stooge, you're lost. Phil Baker used to take me to some of the biggest parties anywhere, some at Palm Beach. But nobody knew my name—or cared. Nobody introduced me. I was just the stooge. I was just like Phil Baker's valet.

"Sometimes at the theater people would get mixed up as to which was Baker and which was the stooge. One time the theater manager in Detroit called me in. 'Have a drink,' said he, and I knew he wanted to tell me something. I thought he was about to reprimand me for going too far in ad-libbing from the box. Well, we had three or four drinks and I was beginning to feel fine when he said, 'Do you mind if I tell you something? If I were you, Mr. Baker, I'd get rid of that fellow with the accordions.' He thought I was Baker."

Silvers was with Baker for eight years, the most celebrated stooge—and the most unknown comedian—in the world. His last appearance with him was in the Shubert musical revue *A Night in Spain*. Then they split.

"I quit," says Silvers. "No more stooging. I took a train for California. Landed with exactly eighteen dollars. I banged around the studios,



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GLOVER'S MANGE MEDICINE

trying to get an opening. Nobody knew me. Nothing doing.

"Then, walking along the street, I saw Bill Perlberg—now a producer at Columbia but then a head of the William Morris Agency—in his car at the curb. Here was a ray of hope.

"I ran over. 'Hello, Bill—just a minute,' I called.

"'Sid, I'm in a hurry,' he answered. 'Call me tonight.'

"There I was, back on the pavement again. I decided to take a chance. They were in the process of building Paramount on Parade at the Paramount studios, and a hundred authors were working on sketches, none of which, they said, pleased the director, Ernst Lubitsch.

"I went back to my hotel room. I called Al Kaufman, then an executive of the Paramount studios. "'I'm Mr. Perlberg's assistant,' I explained. 'There's a fellow in town named Sid Silvers. He's here to play golf. But if you can get that guy, he's the boy to write your sketches.'

"Kaufman made an appointment.

"I called Perlberg that night and told him. 'You've got me in a spot!' he yelled, and was sore. But I sat up all night and wrote *The Origin of the Apache Dance* for Maurice Chevalier. Next day I went out to the Paramount studios. I read my sketch to Kaufman and Elsie Janis. They shook their heads. They were emphatic—it was lousy.

"Then Lubitsch happened to walk in. He looked me over. I snatched the sketch out of Elsie Janis's hands and acted the whole thing out for Lubitsch. Lubitsch said something in German. Everybody looked surprised. He liked it! And it went in. It was a hit.

"There I was in the picture business. With a contract from Walter Wanger."

AFTER the Paramount job Silvers worked with De Sylva at Fox. They made the early film musical *Bottoms Up*. Later they worked together on the stage musical revue *Take a Chance*.

How does Silvers work? You'll be surprised. "I never owned a pencil. I gotta have a collaborator. I just say it, you know, and somebody puts it down. Or maybe I act it out."

Silvers loves to sit in a bathtub and think. In fact, in writing *Take a Chance*, Laurence Schwab and De Sylva had to sit in chairs by Silvers' tub in a hotel at Atlantic City. Silvers had the ideas—they put them on paper.

Silvers landed in *Broadway Melody* and made his first film hit by accident, he says. "They thought I was no good and were rehearsing Stuart Erwin in my part," he says. "After seeing a few shots with Stuart, Jack Benny knew it was no go. A stooge has got to be knocked around, and it takes a little guy. Erwin looked big enough to knock Benny around. So I finally got the part clinched."

Eleanor Powell was something of an accident in that film, too, according to Silvers. "We kept telling them that if we had to write the same old stuff about a girl making good on Broadway with her dancing," he relates, "we wanted to show them a girl who really made good. Eleanor could do that—and did."

Silvers learned to dance for *Metro's Born to Dance*. For this same film revue Jimmy Stewart learned to sing. So there's real adventure in this musical film. When you see it, watch Sid's dancing—even if you have to take your eyes away from Eleanor Powell, Una Merkel, and Frances Langford. And listen to Sid's singing. Silvers is proud of his voice. When *Born to Dance* went into rehearsal nobody around the studio knew Sid could sing. He pleaded pathetically that he could; but nobody believes a comic. Finally they told him he would have to learn to sing. Then he "unveiled" his voice, as he puts it.

Some day, says Silvers, he is going to do a stage drama and he will call it *Mr. Stogie*. In fact he is working on it now. It will be the tragedy, as he puts it, of "a guy who loses his identity and struggles to find it."

Silvers is looking for some one—with a pencil—to help him write it. Would-be collaborators are warned that it will take probably three months sitting beside a bathtub.

THE END

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The modern way to ease a cold is this: Two Bayer Aspirin tablets the moment you feel a cold coming on. Then repeat, if necessary, according to instructions in the box.

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A LETTER TO NEW ORLEANS

by JOHN ERSKINE

*How the Romantic Tradition of a Colorful City
May Be Shared with the Americas*

In the accompanying letter Professor John Erskine, educator, author, and musician, voices his plea for an idea that is his own and close to his heart. Liberty is publishing this to see how America would be interested in the plan for a national annual musical festival in New Orleans.

WHEN last I saw you, most romantic of cities, you made me think for once not of your colorful history but of a gift you are storing up for us.

I walked through the Vieux Carré, looked again at the empty place where your Opera House used to stand, paused before the door in Bourbon Street near by where Lafcadio Hearn lived, visited the old market and the modest residence on Royal Street where Adelina Patti practiced her scales in the winter of 1860, when she was bewildering your music lovers and preparing to take Europe by storm.

But these memories, and many others, made me think of your future. A possible future, precious to us all.

At Salzburg, each year, there is a pilgrimage to a music festival, primarily in honor of Mozart. The music attracts, but the place fascinates. The music might be heard elsewhere, but that particular atmosphere could not be duplicated.

A majority of those who support that festival are Americans. The concerts and operas pay for themselves, and the by-profits are such that the town lives on them from season to season.

Why don't you establish a festival in the Vieux Carré? If you offered us the right things we'd all be there—and by "we" I mean the art lovers of Central America as well as of the United States. You, too, have an atmosphere here not to be duplicated elsewhere. The patrons of the festival would find at Antoine's, at La Louisiane, and at your other famous restaurants what some judges consider the best cooking in the world. And you are so placed that we could all reach you, coming either from the South or from the North. Those who didn't travel by automobile or by train would come by boat.

I am sure the more romantic of your Midwestern patrons would travel down the Mississippi River.

To start the pilgrimage, you need only rebuild your Opera House and plan the right kind of program. May I make some suggestions?

The house ought to be designed in the spirit of the Vieux Carré. Don't spoil the atmosphere. Inside install an air-conditioning and cooling system and be sure that the stage equipment is up to date, but put the orchestra as much as possible out of sight, so that the house may seem small and intimate. Remember to provide adequate corridors for the audience to wander through during the intermissions. Later you can decorate the walls with prints or portraits of early New Orleans opera.

Now for your program:

Give, first, a week or a fortnight or a month of opera, and let it be exclusively pre-Wagnerian opera. Confine yourself to the musical expression of that Latin culture—French, Spanish, Italian—which produced the charm of New Orleans. A house large enough for Wagnerian performances is too large for the proper performance of the old French and Italian operas. At present Wagner dominates the great opera houses of the world. Make it your province to give perfect performances of the music which your citizens loved long before most other American towns had any opera at all.

When you have concluded your opera program, or perhaps during the intervals of it, bring together in a series of concerts the artists and orchestras of Central America, as well as those from the southern part of the United States.

When your entire musical program is concluded, give us a season of French, Spanish, and Italian plays.

You are a city of taste. Your art lovers, your Chamber of Commerce, your hotelkeepers and your shop owners might well put up that Opera House at once. You would find your doors crowded. We should not have to cross the ocean for our musical festival.

THE END



John Erskine



Errol Flynn, Olivia de Havilland, and Patric Knowles in a scene from *The Charge of the Light Brigade*.

"The Charge of the Light Brigade" Has Pace, Excitement, and Sweep...Four Stars Twinkle in an Almost-Four-Star Comedy

by
BEVERLY
HILLS

READING TIME • 13 MINUTES 15 SECONDS

4 STARS—EXTRAORDINARY 3 STARS—EXCELLENT
2 STARS—GOOD 1 STAR—POOR 0 STAR—VERY POOR

Hollywood Glorifies a Saga of Blood and Battle

★ ★ ★ ½ THE CHARGE OF THE LIGHT BRIGADE

THE PLAYERS: Errol Flynn, Olivia de Havilland, Patric Knowles, Henry Stephenson, Nigel Bruce, Donald Crisp, David Niven, C. Henry Gordon, G. P. Huntley, Jr., Robert Barrat, Spring Byington, E. E. Clive, Lumsden Hare, J. Carroll Naish. Screen play by Michel Jacoby and Rowland Leigh from an original story by Mr. Jacoby. Directed by Michael Curtiz. Produced by Warner Brothers.

INTO the valley of Death rode the six hundred," sang Alfred Lord Tennyson, poet laureate to the thirty-one-year-old Queen Victoria. It made a glorious saga of blood and battle, but it really immortalized a colossal blunder. Somebody made a terrible mistake when the six hundred, in plumes and dress uniforms, with lances set, were sent galloping across an exposed two-mile valley at Balaklava into the face of 25,000 Russian infantrymen supported by cavalry and artillery. That two hundred of the six hundred came back twenty minutes later proves something—probably bad marksmanship.

The rest gained a certain immortality through this mistake of the Crimean War of 1854. Hollywood has built what it likes to term an epic around the blunder.

Condemn this story as a romantic glorification of war lust, you nevertheless will be held by its pace, excitement, and sweep. It is done with admirable scope and accuracy of detail and the final charge has high drama. Horses are hurled to the ground (and *that* does seem cruel) but the riding extras take breath-taking falls, too.

Errol Flynn and Patric Knowles play the brothers, rivals for the hand of the fair Elsa Campbell, prettily done by Olivia de Havilland. Offhand we wonder why Flynn isn't top man in Hollywood. He has dash, he is handsome, he knows enough about acting to more than get by.

Don't shy away from *The Charge of the Light Brigade* because it is history wrapped in pretty costumes. History frequently is highly dramatic. And this will hold your interest, we assure you. It has action, cruelty, scope.

VITAL STATISTICS: The Light Brigade has charged across the screen once before, an English company making an unsatisfying, unromantic historical thing in which the poem was read by an offscreen voice. This version comes from the romantic pen of one Michel Jacoby, newspaperman

on the World of blessed memory. Jacoby hated the poem in school and got the idea for a picture on same while he was twiddling his thumbs in Shanghai a few years ago waiting for a revolution to begin to report for his home-town paper. . . . Those fierce Suris Tonis are a phony Indian border tribe invented so's not to hurt India or English feelings. . . . Funny, how according to Hollywood everything in history happens because of the love of a gal! . . . Contrary to all heavy rumors, Errol Flynn will not retire from movies. True, he doesn't take them seriously and would rather write than eat, but who could resist his fame and money? . . . Olivia de Havilland is twenty now; isn't marrying awhile; hasn't a beau; lives intellectually with her family like a good girl; hates men who wear bow ties or black shoes and brown suits. She got knocked out when the flat of Errol Flynn's sword missed a heavy and caught her a terrific swipe in the face and deposited her in the water, during the massacre scene. Flynn apologized, she forgave. It was for Art. . . . David Niven shows no signs of marrying Merle Oberon but it's an accepted fact he will. David crashed Hollywood when he took a few too many, fell asleep on H. M. S. Norfolk as it lay outside Santa Barbara, California, woke up and found himself headed out to sea. Fortunately the M-G-M Bounty was shooting the Norfolk at the time for Mutiny on the Bounty. David got sent back to shore via it; attracted attention of Edmund Goulding, got his chance, seized it, and you know the rest. . . . Director Mike Curtiz (Curteez) used to be a strongman in Hungary; is quite a rider; demonstrated all the horsemanship in this. . . . Terrific speed in charge of the light brigade generated by putting a motorized camera on a track in a 1,000-foot trench running parallel to chargers. Camera traveled at 30 m. p. h., thus accounting for amazing speed on screen. Nobody was seriously hurt in action, including terrific crash when the brigade met the Russians at end of Valley of Death. Swords were springs covered with leather.

★ ★ ★ ½ LIBELED LADY

THE PLAYERS: Jean Harlow, William Powell, Myrna Loy, Spencer Tracy, Walter Connolly, Charley Grapewin, Cora Witherspoon, E. E. Clive, Lauri Beatty. Story by Wallace Sullivan. Screen play by Maurine Watkins, Howard Emmett Rogers, and George Oppenheimer. Directed by Jack Conway. Produced by Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer.

HERE is a smart comedy to take its place beside *Piccadilly Jim* and *My Man Godfrey* as one of the three or four real laugh producers of 1936.

A headline heiress with a tremendous fortune is the central figure. When a sensational New York tabloid trips into a five-million-dollar libel suit, the paper hires a dashing—but momentarily penniless—newsgatherer, one Bill Chandler, to ingratiate himself into the fabulous fortune and get the young heiress into a compromising situation. Thus the tabloid hopes to scare the family advisers into withdrawing their menacing libel suit.

It all works, except that Chandler falls in love with his prospective victim. There are fast moving developments and a gorgeous cast to extract every bit of humor from the proceedings.

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William Powell never was better than as the reporter who has orders to get his heiress at any cost. And the heiress is superbly done by Myrna Loy. You will like Spencer Tracy as the tough managing editor of the libelous daily, and you will find that Jean Harlow has not been better in a long time than as his hard-boiled sweetheart.

Libeled Lady is fast, racy, right out of tomorrow morning's tabloid.

VITAL STATISTICS: From a self-portrait of Will Popeye Powell: His boyhood ambition had curls; his present ambition is security of income. He became an actor because he wanted to marry his boyhood ambition and couldn't find work in his home town. He'd have no idea what to do were he cut off from the stage and screen. He keeps fit by going out to his swimming pool daily and giving it a piercing look. He also thinks a lot about tennis, talks a fine game of golf, worries about everything, loses weight that way, and feels fit when slimmer. Thinks domesticity is just dandy. A Pittsburgher, Will once ushered at Grand Opera House, Kansas City; earned \$50 a month clerking for the Kansas City telephone office; pleaded for Benedict Arnold for his high-school graduation address; thought Twelfth Night too long and abridged and rewrote it for college production. . . . Jean Harlow it is by law now. The real color of her hair grows more and more obscure; some say it was originally platinum; some, brownette. There are 5,400 frames of celluloid film to the kiss Spence Tracy plants on her in her marriage-to-Powell scene, and story is that Powell said, as per script, "He's an old friend of the family"; then as the kiss continued far beyond sixty seconds, ad-libbed, "A very old friend!" making scene so funny it stayed. . . . Myrna Loy Williams, who used to study Oriental philosophy to perfect her slant-eye siren roles, took her honeymoon with husband Hornblow on location in this. Adopted name of Loy because she thought it's Frenchness would help her escape Oriental roles—which it did exactly the opposite, every one immediately detecting the Oriental in it. Curiously, she and Powell, not in love offscreen, make better lovers onscreen than Powell and Harlow. You account for it—I'm tired. . . . Cora Witherspoon, who plays public bore number one, tells me she actually practiced boring people to perfect her part in this! . . . Spencer Tracy, who was in the navy during the war—he was seventeen—got one cruise on a whaler out of it! . . . Director Conway played leads for Belasco for eight and a half years; was feature lead in Jack London's filmed Valley of the Moon back in 1914; became a star; then turned his back on acting and took up megging. . . . If the newspaper offices in this are phony you'll have to blame it on authors Wallace Sullivan and Maurine Watkins, Chicago newshawks themselves.

★ ★ LADIES IN LOVE

THE PLAYERS: Janet Gaynor, Loretta Young, Constance Bennett, Simone Simon, Don Ameche, Paul Lukas, Tyrone Power, Jr., Alan Mowbray, Wilfred Lawson, J. Edward Bromberg, Virginia Field. Adapted by Melville Baker from a play by Ladislaus Bus-Fekete. Directed by Edward H. Griffith. Produced by Twentieth-Century Fox.

MAYBE we anticipated too much.

But, to our way of thinking, this comedy's sophistication doesn't jell. Here Hollywood has taken a Hungarian drama of three young women who live together in a little apartment in Budapest. Together they meet the bitter-sweet problems of life. One (Constance Bennett) works in a smart dress shop; one (Loretta Young) is a chorus girl; one (Janet Gaynor) is graduated from selling neckties in the street to become a magician's assistant.

All this sounds intriguing. But Director Edward Griffith never once gets the mellow feel of the fifteen-hundred-year-old city on the banks of the Danube. You really see three attractive Hollywood actresses in a modernistic Hollywood apartment meeting ingenious Hollywood emotional problems—but there is little reality about it.

Aside from the three feminine

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MORE WINNERS in Liberty's \$2,000 Crossword Puzzle Contest

(Continued from Oct. 24th issue)

Albert J. Landry, Baton Rouge, La.; Mrs. Ida Landry, New Orleans, La.; Mrs. Maurice Lasky, Savannah, Ga.; John Lathrop, Los Angeles, Calif.; Margaret Lawrenz, Champaign, Ill.; Mrs. Ruby Opal Linger, South Bend, Ind.; Mrs. Alice M. Livoni, Kelseyville, Calif.; Forrest R. Long, La Fayette, Ind.; Betty and Frank Lorenz, Schenectady, N. Y.; Ernest R. Lowe, Waltham, Mass.; Mrs. Lydia MacDonald, Waukegan, Ill.; Howard Mack, Denver, Colo.; Annetta Lee Marugg, Appleton, Wis.; R. A. Mason, Lake Charles, La.; Carroll B. Mayers, Trenton, N. J.; J. A. McCalley, Washington, D. C.; A. D. McClellan, San Francisco, Calif.; Mrs. James McCloud, Milwaukee, Wis.; E. V. McElwee, Washington, D. C.; C. C. McMillan, Oakland, Calif.; Mrs. Glenn McWilliams, Van Dyke, Mich.; Amy W. Meeker, Hawaii, T. H.; Mrs. R. Meikle, Edgemere, N. Y.; Ann M. Mellon, Connellsville, Pa.; Mrs. Verner Merifield, Venice, Calif.; Carl W. Merrick, Springfield, Mass.; Josephine McMillan, Manistee, Mich.; Mrs. Gertrude Miller, Milwaukee, Wis.; Joseph Miller, Charlotte, N. C.; S. J. Mistretta, Tuckahoe, N. Y.; Mrs. J. W. Mitchell, Martins Ferry, Ohio; Evelyn Ann Moore, Abbeville, La.; Mrs. C. L. Morris, Elkton, Va.; Mrs. G. L. Morse, Sea Island Beach, Ga.; Walter Muth, Chicago, Ill.; Elsa Myers, Springfield, Vt.; R. M. Naylor, Union City, Tenn.; Mrs. W. A. Neal, Charlotte, N. C.; Alda Neilson, Beaver, Utah; Gertrude Newburn, West Terre Haute, Ind.; Helena L. Nichols, Phoenix, N. Y.; Evelyn I. Nish, Chicago, Ill.; John Nutter, New York, N. Y.; Floyd J. Olds, Liverpool, N. Y.; William E. Olson, Larimore, N. D.; Fred M. Ossman, Findlay, Ohio; C. S. Owen, Royal Oak, Mich.; J. L. Owens, Los Angeles, Calif.; Mrs. Clyde W. Paine, Monroe, La.; Mrs. Ray Parmenter, Gilman, Ia.; Gretchen H. Pence, Denver, Colo.; Lillian Perlis, Chicago, Ill.; Harry O. Peterson, Bremerton, Wash.; Irene H. Phillippe, Philadelphia, Pa.; Dewitt Pierson, Coatesville, Pa.; Margaret M. Potye, Philadelphia, Pa.; Dorothy Pultizer, Glendale, N. Y.; J. F. Putnam, Berkeley, Calif.; Lee Rall, New York, N. Y.; Oscar Ramm, Sandusky, Ohio; Mrs. Mildred Reed, Somerville, Mass.; George Regesch, Brooklyn, N. Y.; Hugh M. Reindl, Milwaukee, Wis.; Wilbur R. Repine, South Bend, Ind.; Frances C. Reynolds, Norwalk, Conn.; Mrs. George C. Rice, Redmond, Ore.; Harry J. Richter, Philadelphia, Pa.

(Continued in an early issue.)

stars, you will find Simone Simon as another little country girl who gets her man even quicker than she did in Girls' Dormitory.

The best performance of the picture is contributed by Alan Mowbray, who plays a second-rate magician as palpably phony as his card tricks.

VITAL STATISTICS: The ladies were in love on the screen only; for, as was to be expected, tossing four of Hollywood's mostly volatile prima donnas together in one cast proved dynamite and no love story on the set. Though it never came to actual hair pulling, tongue protrusion, moue making, or spitting in each other's beer, the supercuties watched each other like jealous cats, used every feminine wile, guile, and cunning to grab lens attention. . . . No newspapermen were allowed on set—each actress feeling she might be slighted in interviews. . . . Feeling she was being wronged by charges that she held up production, Constance Bennett had her secretary hold a stop watch on time she was called to stage, delays before she actually started work, delays between sets—then she had all audited and forwarded to Headman Zanuck. Feeling he was being done injustice, Director Griffith thereafter posted his own timekeeper to check on Bennett's. In one scene Bennett felt Simon had too big a hunk, so she decided to wear an enormous hat to draw attention to self. Director Griffith objected that scene called for no hat. Bennett objected back if she didn't wear hat she'd have to hold up production to readjust her lovely blonde hair—so she'd better wear the hat. Griffith countered by getting a note from Zanuck to effect she mustn't wear the hat. Bennett didn't wear the hat—but she took more than two hours to comb her hair! . . . Simone Simon's fan mail jumped to 1,200 letters a day after Gals' Dormitory, mostly from sailors. . . . Alan Mowbray picked up that magic from Harry Green; enjoys his 1,500 a week as a high-priced supporting free-lancer. Picture cost about \$750,000.

★ ★ THE MAGNIFICENT BRUTE

THE PLAYERS: Victor McLaglen, Binnie Barnes, William Hall, Jean Dixon, Henry Armetta, Billy Burrud, Zeni Vatori. Story by Owen Francis. Adapted by Owen Francis and Lewis R. Foster. Directed by John G. Blystone. Produced by Universal.

YOU read this story in Liberty under the title of Big. It is the yarn of a rowdy cocky steel puddler who gets beaten up by a tricky carnival wrestler before he sees the light. The boyish admiration of his landlady's young son helps him find himself.

When Big Steve Andrews (Victor McLaglen) combats with a rival steel worker, Bill Morgan, the story takes on some of the sez-you-sez-me aspects of the old McLaglen-Edmund Lowe film feuds. But The Magnificent Brute strives more for realism, less for laughs.

McLaglen is an excellent choice for Big Andrews. You will like Billy Burrud as the boy and Jean Dixon as the lad's sharp-tongued mother.

VITAL STATISTICS: Naturalized five years ago, Victor McLaglen's o'erpow'ring ambish is to be a good American. He expresses this in his gaudy-uniformed McLaglen Lighthorse Troop, 700 strong—comprised of male and female mounties, marchers, Red Crossers, aviators, motorcyclists, and bandites—dedicated to usefulness and service and ready to spring from behind the nearest bush to defend Hollywood from aggressive infidel, radical, or warrior. Subject of many a gibe, McLaglen's troop publicizes its ferocity all over the Western map and undoubtedly would fight nobly if well directed. Vic's six feet three; once had eight brothers taller than himself; has a son six feet six. Vic got his picture start as a bare-knuckle fighter in J. Stuart Blackton's The Beloved Brute; once fought a ten-round draw with Jack Johnson (Li'l Arthur) at Vancouver, British Columbia. Got his best parts around the boxing ring—possibly explaining his partiality to fighting. . . . Author Owen Francis got yanked from the steel mills of Homestead, Pennsylvania, where he was born and where he was an open-hearth assistant, by H. L. Mencken, and made into a writer. . . . Henry Armetta is an Eyetalian family lover but has only four kids. He once got seventy-five dollars a week at Fort Lee, New Jersey, studios for acting, valeting Will Farnum, striking sets, cooking for the cast, mending costumes, wardrobing, and running errands. When he first stowed away to this country from Palermo, he was amazed that they should celebrate his birthday with bunting, bands, speeches—he being born on the 4th of July. . . . Big Boy Will Hall is a product of old Brooklyn. Was a Roxy Gangster, having a big voice. Thereafter he musicomedied, Gilbert-and-Sullivaned, radioed, then screen debuted in Postal Inspector. He's only twenty-nine; is six feet three and one half and considered a big boy for his age. . . . Jean Dixon knew Sarah Bernhardt, which may account for her acting ability but not for her knifing sourcasm. Jean's the eternal rhinestone-in-the-rough type. Would like to play ingénues but doesn't know quite how it can be accomplished, but doesn't really care so long's she's got her health. . . . Adrian Rosley started playing a Jap in the original Paid in Full, then somehow became the master dialectician of Twin Beds, etc. . . . Patrolman's dotter Binnie Barnes, once known as Texas, has never been to that state—or isn't that news? She used to do the genuine Texas drawl, however, all over the British Empire, slightly tainted with a lot of "I says," "quates," "rip-ping—wots?" and "pip-pip-old-things."

FOUR-, THREE-AND-A-HALF-, AND THREE-STAR PICTURES OF THE LAST SIX MONTHS

★★★★—The Texas Rangers, Romeo and Juliet, Nine Days a Queen, The Green Pastures, Show Boat.

★★★½—The Big Broadcast of 1937, La Kermesse Héroïque, Dodsworth, Valiant is the Word for Carrie, Swing Time, Girls' Dormitory, Sing, Baby, Sing, San Francisco, The Road to Glory, Anthony Adverse, Under Two Flags, The Great Ziegfeld.

★★★—The President's Mystery, The Gay Desperado, The Devil Is a Sissy, How to Vote, Court of Human Relations, Draegerman Courage, Lady Be Careful, Stage Struck, To Mary—With Love, My Man Godfrey, The Bride Walks Out, The White Angel, The Poor Little Rich Girl, The King Steps Out, Fury, The Princess Comes Across, The Dancing Pirate, The Ex-Mrs. Bradford, Let's Sing Again.

ANSWERS TO TWENTY QUESTIONS ON PAGE 26

- 1—Francis Bret Harte (1839-1902).
- 2—The starch of cassava roots.
- 3—The femur (thighbone).
- 4—Demosthenes.
- 5—The violoncello.
- 6—No; Justice George Sutherland was born in Buckinghamshire, England.
- 7—Ate them.
- 8—About \$772.
- 9—Babel, Genesis 11:5—"And the Lord came down to see the city [Babel] and the tower, which the children of men builded."
- 10—One hundred and nine dollars.
- 11—Great Salt Lake, Utah.

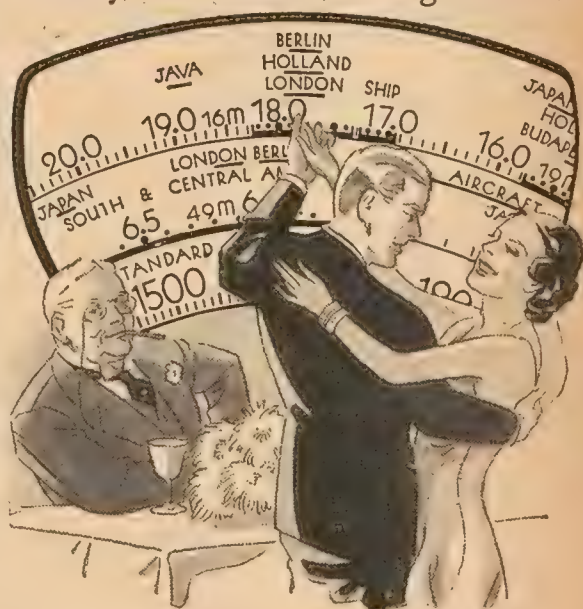
- 12—Louis Meyer.
- 13—Pure gold.
- 14—Because cows are said invariably to stand with their tails to the wind; knowledge of the wind's direction is vitally important in making a forced landing.
- 15—The House of Representatives.
- 16—Twenty-five.
- 17—Loss of the power of speech.
- 18—Iodine.
- 19—About the first of August, 1792.
- 20—

Thomas Hinton

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READING TIME • 5 MINUTES 15 SECONDS

THIS lesson has to do with polishing up the shining hour. There are so many times during the day which a girl can utilize to her advantage. Let us take, for example, that hour you spend in the doctor's waiting room. One of the most harmless ways of killing time would be to read the magazines. But you'd better leave literature lay, as it were, in favor of a more profitable pursuit, should you find time hanging heavy on your hands and feet.

You glance modestly around the room at the other customers to see if among them there may be a gentleman you might like to know. Usually right next to you is a fellow with squeaky tan shoes and a straw hat which he keeps picking with his fingers until you think you'll go mad. Obviously not your type.

Your eye strays across the room to a foreign-looking gentleman who is peering at you from beneath the hanging-garden variety of eyebrows. As he catches your eye in its cycle of the room, he raises these brows to an alarming degree. You, lady that you are, allow your glance to pass right over him, and as a reward for your behavior, it is brought to rest on The Man in the corner. Tall, dark, handsome—too good to be true, and probably wouldn't be. But anyway you're not out to take him seriously. You're only out to take him for a dinner, or an evening at a smart night club.

He sees you, too. But he is far too much of a gentleman to make his eyebrows go into their dance like the one before him. You discreetly lower your eyes, safe in the knowledge that you are looking your best in your smart suit and your sheer gun-metal hosiery. He knows it, too, by this time because—well, there you are, legs and all.

Being a gentleman of refinement he waits until the squeaky-shoed one enters the inner sanctum. Then he saunters over to the table—for one of those magazines. They do have their uses sometimes, you see. He then drops, naturally, into the vacant seat beside you.

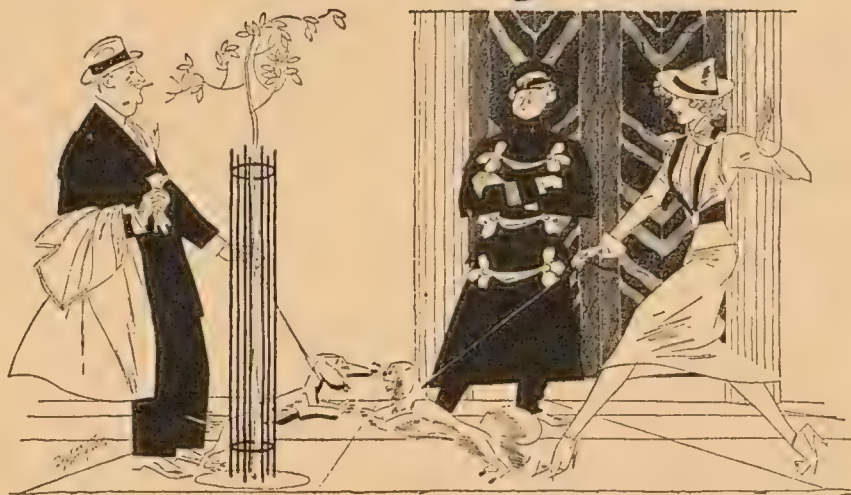
Now, if you know the rules of etiquette, you realize it is your turn. You cough—just a small delicate cough.

"Shall I close the window?" asks the dark one sympathetically. Well, you can take up the conversation from there, starting with the weather. Weather is so dependable.

Now, if it just so happens that you meet again in the hall as you are leaving the doctor's office, there is nothing to prevent him from asking you if he may drop you in his car. You need not hesitate on the grounds of good form. It's practically an introduction having the same doctor, who knows more about you individually than I hope you will ever get to know about each other. . . .

Taking the dog out for a walk is a natural for meeting people. If you meet a nice-looking man, also with a dog (and dogs are practically an introduction), it is only natural that you may find yourself in conversation. In fact it would be difficult to refrain from saying something when your dog, one of those cute little cockeyed spaniels, is accosted by the gentleman's underslung supercharged dachshund.

The dachshund approaches, makes a pass at your dog,



"Hasn't my dog met your dog somewhere before?"

and you pull frantically on the lead to protect him. "Hasn't my dog met your dog somewhere before?" asks the gentleman.

"I'm not sure," you reply. "He seems to think the body looks familiar, but I don't think he can quite place the face."

"On the boardwalk at Atlantic City?" suggests the man.

"I think not," you reply. "There are so many schnauzers at Atlantic City. My dog hardly ever frequents the place. He's very refined."

"I can see that," agrees the man as he prevents your dog from taking a nip out of his dog's ear. "Maybe it was in another world, when my dog was a king in Babylon and yours was a Christian slave."

"But why couldn't my dog have been the king? I'm sure that would have been much nicer," you say.

"Nature," replies the man, "seems to have arranged it so that would have been impossible. What is her name?"

"William Tell," you reply. "We call her that so we can say, 'Get Tell out of here.' What's yours?"

"Spot," says he. "We call him Spot so we can say 'Out, damned Spot! Out, I say!'"

On departing, the gentleman suggests that since the dogs seem to be soul mates they ought to meet again, so you arrange another rendezvous for them the next day. By the time you have accompanied your dog on these flirtations several times, you and the gentleman are quite good friends.

IF by chance you happen to be attending a concert alone (you meet very cultured and courteous gentlemen at concerts, and the music is nice sometimes too) and the gentleman in the seat next to you happens to be alone too, there is no harm in asking if you may see his program (you having carefully avoided procuring one of your own). Music is practically an introduction in its way—so spiritual—so removed from the vulgar.

When the concert is over, he says he knows just the place where they have the most rhapsodic Russian music, and if you haven't heard that violinist play Dark Eyes, you haven't lived, my child!

So naturally you want to live, the laws of self-preservation being what they are, and you go with him. You order caviar and champagne—such ladylike taste!—and I see no reason why you should not spend a very nice evening—provided you like Russian music.

So you see, girls, moments that might go for naught, never to be recaptured, can be put to excellent use if you'll follow the T. P. O. A., which, as you have probably figured out, means the Truffles Plan of Approach.

THE END

SECOND and FINAL WEEK

\$400

LIMERICK CONTEST

DON'T FAIL TO SEND YOUR ENTRY

FOR the second week Liberty supplies an unfinished Limerick based on the cover all ready for you to complete and enter for a substantial cash prize. All you need do is to study the cover of this issue, read the Limerick that appears on the coupon below, and then write a last line of your own to complete the five-line verse. As an old completer of Limericks it is not necessary to tell you that your last line must rhyme with the first two lines and be of the same length. And there are rhymes for "thing" and "wing" aplenty. Make a list of them and then take your choice. If you did not start last week and have mislaid that issue you can obtain a reprint of the Limerick on Coupon No. 1 by enclosing five cents in stamps to the contest address in the rules. This nominal fee is merely to cover the cost of printing and handling. Check the closing date of the contest and make sure you get your entry in on time.

The Rules

1. This contest will consist of two unfinished Limericks, one of which will appear in the November 14 issue and the other in the November 21 issue of Liberty.
2. To compete, study the cover of the issue, study the Limerick that is based on it, and then write your own original last line to complete the incident pictured on the cover. Only Limericks completed on the official coupons which contain the first four lines will be accepted. Send both coupons in as a unit at the end of the contest.
3. Send entries by first-class mail to COVER LIMERICK EDITOR, Liberty Weekly, P. O. Box 556, Grand Central Station, New York, N. Y. To be considered, entries must be received on or before Friday, December 4, 1936.
4. Entries will be judged on the basis of the originality, aptness, and skill of the last lines. On this basis Liberty will pay the following prizes: First Prize, \$100; Second Prize, \$50; Third Prize, \$25; forty-five prizes, each \$5. In case of ties duplicate awards will be paid.
5. The judges will be the contest board of Liberty and by entering you agree to accept their decisions as final. Any one may compete except employees of Macfadden Publications, Inc., and members of their families.

CLIP HERE

LIBERTY'S COVER LIMERICK CONTEST OFFICIAL COUPON NO. 2

HERE IS THE LIMERICK:

Streamlining is not a new thing;
'Twas here when the first bird took wing.
But out in Detroit
Car designers adroit—

(Write your last line here)

BE SURE YOU ATTACH COUPON NO. 1
WHEN YOU SEND IN YOUR ENTRY!

A NEW PRIZE CONTEST NEXT WEEK!

\$10,000

LIMITED

**ACCIDENT
and
SICKNESS**

POLICY

For **\$10. year** No Dues or
Only Assessments

CAN BE PAID MONTHLY IF DESIRED

Men, Women 16 to 69 accepted

NO MEDICAL EXAMINATION

Policy Pays:

\$10,000 for accidental loss of life, hands, feet or eyesight. **\$25 Weekly Benefit.** Many unusual protecting clauses. Pays doctor and hospital bills. Covers Automobile, Travel, Pedestrian and many common accidents. Covers many common sicknesses, including typhoid, appendix operations, lobar pneumonia, etc. Largest and oldest exclusive Health and Accident Insurance Company. Don't delay, you may be next to meet sickness or accident. Mail coupon today for our FREE Booklet "Cash or Sympathy."

NORTH AMERICAN ACCIDENT INSURANCE CO. [Chicago]
535 Title Bldg., Newark, New Jersey

Name.....

Address.....

City and State.....

AGENTS WANTED for Local Territory

Kidneys Must Clean Out Acids

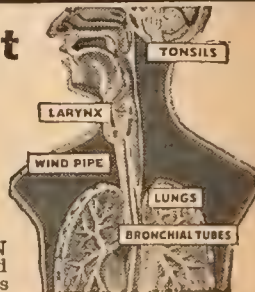
Dr. T. J. Rastelli, well-known physician and surgeon of London, England, says: "The chief way your body cleans out acids and poisonous wastes in your blood is thru 9 million tiny, delicate Kidney tubes or filters, but beware of cheap, drastic, irritating drugs." If functional Kidney or Bladder disorders make you suffer from Getting Up Nights, Nervousness, Leg Pains, Backache, Circles Under Eyes, Dizziness, Rheumatic Pains, Acidity, Burning, Smarting or Itching, don't take chances. Get the Doctor's guaranteed prescription called Cystex. \$10,000.00 deposited with Bank of America, Los Angeles, California, guarantees Cystex must bring new vitality in 48 hours and make you feel years younger in one week or money back on return of empty package. Telephone your druggist for guaranteed Cystex (Siss-tex) today.



Dr. T. J. RASTELLI
London Physician

COUGHS...

Get After That
Cough Today
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PERTUSSIN



Pertussin is so good for coughs that over ONE MILLION PRESCRIPTIONS were filled in a single year. This estimate is based on a Prescription Ingredient Survey issued by the American Pharmaceutical Association.

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440 Washington Street, N. Y. C.
Please send me 2-oz. prescription of
Pertussin FREE... by return mail.

Name.....

Address.....

Vox Pop

Vanderbilt Answers Professor on Hell in Spain

FOND DU LAC, WIS.—As I am using Liberty pretty freely in my Current Events Class at Fond du Lac Commercial College, in the interests of accuracy will you kindly enlighten us on a few points of the article Hell in Spain as I Saw It, by Cornelius Vanderbilt, Jr., in October 3 Liberty? I am not quite clear as to whether some of the references are to Government or Rebels.

1. Which side is guilty of "savage venery"?

2. Is "venery" used in the sense of sexual intercourse or hunting?

3. Who composed the "howling mob" which had "cowled monks" dragged by oxen?

4. Who was guarding the Hendaye-Irun bridge where it was easy to cross for a bribe of "a few pesetas"?

5. Who crucified the two monks on "metal crosses"?

6. Who demolished the church in Oyazun?

7. Who were carrying "a lot of tonsured monks" in a manure wagon?

8. The "Red Amazons" on the outskirts of Madrid, I assume, were Government troops.

In general I have assumed that the Red, Socialist, Anarchist, Bolshevik, Government troops are synonymous terms.

Fascists, Conservatives, Rebels are attacking the Government troops.

I assume, also, that the Government troops are the ones who destroy churches and kill nuns and monks.

Will you kindly set me straight?—
E. L. Mendenhall.

The Reply of Mr. Vanderbilt

NEW YORK, N. Y.—I am sorry that the points you mention were not quite clear to you, and shall try to answer them in the order you ask them.

1. Which side is guilty of "savage venery"? *Ans.* Both sides.

2. Is "venery" used in the sense of sexual intercourse or hunting? *Ans.* "Hunting"—in that both sides track and kill each other ruthlessly.

3. Who composed the "howling mob" which had "cowled monks" dragged by oxen? *Ans.* The more fanatic antireligious elements.

4. Who was guarding the Hendaye-Irun bridge where it was easy to cross for a bribe of "a few pesetas"? *Ans.* French noncommissioned officers and enlisted men.

5. Who crucified the two monks on "metal crosses"? *Ans.* Cannot actually identify.

6. Who demolished the church in Oyazun? *Ans.* An antireligious mob.

7. Who were carrying "a lot of tonsured monks" in a manure wagon? *Ans.* An antireligious mob.

You state that you "have assumed that the Red, Socialist, Anarchist, Bolshevik, Government troops are synonymous terms." When my article was written for Liberty I was just out of Spain for the first time. That was not quite correct at the moment. When the Rebel revolution broke out in Spain—please don't forget that it was the Rebels who started this revolution—the government in Spain was a middle-left government. In a Cabinet composed of sixteen members there were two Socialists, two Rightists, and the rest a composite of what the French call *moyens-gauche*.

There were on August 5 in Spain, therefore, the lesser leftists in command at Madrid, and autonomous governments set up by the Communists in Catalonia Province and the Catholics in the Spanish Basque Pyrenees Provinces. The "Anarchists," as you call them, had no government, but were represented in the autonomous government at Catalonia by three members in the Cabinet of twelve.

Answering your next paragraph, where you state that "Fascists, Conservatives, Rebels are attacking the Government troops," may I add that the Rebel army was composed of eight major parties and a great number of minor ones. Amalgamator of the parties was the Catholic Church, under its own banner and under its own party insignia. With them were allied Royalists, Monarchists, Carlists, Bourbonists, Conservatives, Fascists, and the farmer element from the five church states in the Basque Pyrenees under the agrarian leadership.

I repeat, the Rebels started the outbreak in Spain, and I repeat that the war is distinctly religious—revolt from antireligion.

As for your very last paragraph, I would state that your assumption is probably correct. But I want to make it very clear that at the time I wrote the article the Government in Madrid and the Government in Catalonia, with headquarters in Barcelona, had nothing in common whatsoever. The Catalonia crowd belonged to the international group of Communists, and the Madrid crowd were running their own show in their own way.—
Cornelius Vanderbilt, Jr.

EMPTY-HEADED AS WICKETS

WINCHESTER, IND.—You asked for it and you're going to get it. Suppose I had the opportunity to walk up to a famous man, known by many people and to be remembered years later for what he did at that time, and say, "Lovely day, isn't it?" His answer could have been, "Yes; I like this fine."

Years later, some nitwit comes on a diary telling of the occasion. He substitutes the question, "Does the present administration and the President suit you?" Then, as an answer to this question, gives the one made to me when talking of the weather.

That, to my mind, is your article, If Lincoln Were in the White House Today (October 10 Liberty). Your author must

be as empty-headed as the wickets are in a croquet game.

I've read your mag for years, but this is the first one to burn me up as a total lie.—*J. C. Prichett.*

GAWBLIMY IS SETTLED NOW

NEWARK, N. J.—Evidently J. Wilson Roy (October 10 Vox Pop) is not a Londoner, otherwise he would know that the word "Gawblimy" is one of the worst curse words used by the lowest class of people in London. The meaning certainly is as the Henglish Gal (August 29 Vox Pop) said, i. e., "God blind me."

I am an Englishman, born in London, and lived there for twenty-two years.—
Arthur W. Akers.

PERRY MASON FOUND IN ATTIC, ANTHONY ABBOT IN GALLERY

NEW YORK, N. Y.—I have had two extraordinary experiences with two of your contributors recently. In my attic I was going over some of my boyhood copies of The Youth's Companion, and suddenly I noticed that that sedate old magazine was published by Perry Mason. Where had I heard that name before? Then I remembered the debonair criminal attorney who is the hero of the Erle Stanley Gardner stories published in Liberty. I chuckled with amusement at this coincidence. But coincidence can be carried too far.

Soon after that day in the attic I



went abroad and stayed for a while in the lovely city of Florence. One day I was walking through the Uffizi Galleries and stopped before two large canvases of Titian. One was the lovely Venus Reclining, and beside it was a canvas that showed the Holy Mother and Her Child with an old gentleman with an enormous Santa Claus beard, very stout and dignified. What was my astonishment to discover there, in plain English for all to read, that the old gentleman with the whiskers was St. Anthony Abbot! Yes, it was even spelled with one t. This picture was painted in the fifteenth century. He must be a great physical culturist to be able to write crime comments for Liberty.—*N. Parker.*

ENVIES DUNKLE'S ANTICS

PLANT CITY, FLA.—In answer to Hugh Perry's letter in October 17 Vox Pop, we emphatically disagree with his statement that Mr. Dunkle's Diary is not humorous. It is very evident that Mr. Perry has never partaken to excess of the cup that cheers.

Mr. Dunkle's antics are the envy of all drinking men and women—and that means a lot!

We look forward eagerly to each issue of Liberty and we are sorely vexed when his daily happenings do not appear in its pages.

Let us suggest that Mr. Perry frequent a "publick" often enough to acquire a broader view of the shortcomings and failings of his fellow men.—*Three Members of the Younger "Gin"-eration.*

THE JOKE'S THE SAME

BALTIMORE, MD.—Your Short Short in the issue of October 17 should have been entitled Africa's Printed—Again.

It has been circulating around this town for years and recently got a new

grasp on life. Mark Hellinger printed it as a joke more than a year ago.

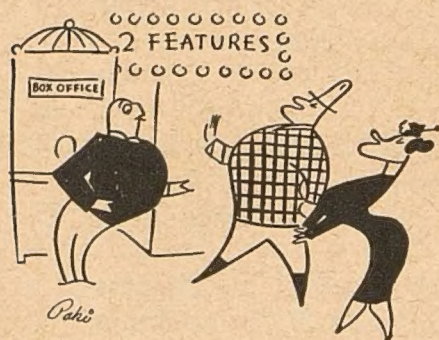
I like a good laugh, but it should contain a certain amount of originality. Outside of the fact that Considine made his hero a wrestler instead of an acrobat and embellished the whole with superfluous words, the joke's the same.

Are good short short stories so hard to get?—*James Arduor.*

HOW MANY PEOPLE NEVER SAW A MOVIE?

EVANSTON, WYO.—I read with great interest the article I Am Going to a Movie for the First Time which appeared in October 17 Liberty.

I am the theater manager in a town



of thirty-five hundred people, and thought that I was the only one who had people that had never seen a motion picture. I have two such people living in Evanston, Wyoming. One, believe it or not, is a schoolteacher, and the other is a rancher. I have invited and urged them to see a movie, but just can't get them out.

Let's find out how many people in the United States have never seen a picture show.—*Martin F. Harris.*

HIS VILLON IS ERSKINE'S

ELMIRA, N. Y.—You have periodically been publishing in Liberty stories about Master François Villon, by John Erskine.

I thought the key of the plot was about the best ever published in your magazine. There was a vague suspicion as to the author's originality.

Lo! I was reading short stories by Robert Louis Stevenson. The first story in the book is entitled Lodging for a Night. The story deals with Master François Villon, poet, bad man, rascal of medieval France.

As Stevenson lived quite a while before Mr. Erskine, I rather question the latter's authorship.

Have you the courage to publish this? Plagiarism is more than just a word.

Undoubtedly Mr. Erskine will find a way to slide out of it. I suggest axle grease would help him.—*D. C. F.*

[Our complainant forgets that Villon is a historic figure, free to any author who can concoct a story about him. Besides R. L. S., many writers have used the colorful poet-rogue—Weir Mitchell in The Adventures of François, Justin Huntly McCarthy in If I Were King, etc. We don't think Mr. Erskine needs to make any apology.—Vox Pop Editor.]

"PLAYING THE UNITED STATES FOR A 'GOOD THING'"

CINCINNATI, OHIO—Have just read Mr. Macfadden's editorial in October 10 Liberty, Playing the United States for a "Good Thing."

In my opinion, he does not stress the point sufficiently as to writing senators and representatives.

I would like to see this editorial printed again and ask each purchaser of Liberty to cut it out and send it to his senator and representative and leave a little space for the subscriber's name—and flood the mails with protests on non-action.—*Meylert Bruner.*

LOS ANGELES, CALIF.—The very fine article on the default in the war debts in October 10 Liberty, by Mr. Macfadden, is indeed timely as well as of great interest to everybody. Too much publicity cannot be given to the subject, and if possible it should be republished in every Macfadden publication.

People should be aroused to the seriousness of this matter, but it will take some one with the courage of his conviction, like Mr. Macfadden, to arouse the people to some definite action.—*George V. Offord.*

FIRST GLEAM OF INTELLIGENCE

SAVANNAH, GA.—Citizen of the World! Whoever wrote that letter (October 10 Vox Pop) should be called Citizen of Hell.

I think that the cemetery is a beautiful place. There one may live again with his loved ones and cherish their memories.—*Charles C. Davis.*

CHICAGO, ILL.—Congratulations to Mr. Citizen of the World for his dissertation on modern obsequies ("funerals" to you, ignorami). His comments are the first gleam of intelligence displayed in

"HARDTACK"

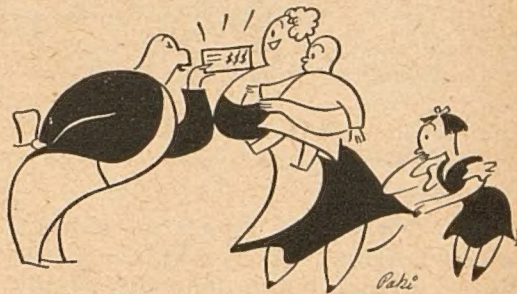


"I won them in a marble game with a kid I met in the park, ma."

the pages of Liberty for some time. Thanks for disseminating a worthy thought.—*Debunker.*

WON PRIZES FOUR TIMES

DRESHER, PA.—Noticed a complaint about your contests in September 26 Vox Pop. Lady, you are all wrong! Here



is one household that looks on the Macfadden Publications as Santa Claus, for I have had the kick that comes with honest-to-goodness cash.

Four times I have won in different contests. One check was for a hundred dollars; and when you have a flock of children, that looks like a fortune, besides the fun of doing a contest and the knowledge that all Macfadden magazines are on the level. Every contestant gets a square deal. Some folks forget that each contest has rules to be followed and one little mistake may throw them out.—*Anna M. Meyers.*

JAPAN SELLS SAUERKRAUT TO GERMANY!

U. S. S. WYOMING—The invasion of Japan on other countries is evident when it can sell sauerkraut to Germans in Germany cheaper than they can make it.

In America, which only a few years ago imported only knickknacks, they are doing a million-dollar business. The Japs work longer hours for less pay than we can, and seem to be happy. Well, I'll remain happy also as long as there is a magazine like Liberty which I know they can't undersell.—*R. Locke, B.*

LADY GETS IN MR. COLLINS'S HAIR

AUGUSTA, GA.—Have been reading Frederick L. Collins's stories. Funny! Mr. Collins never dares allow one of his articles to speak for itself—he tries to shape his readers' reactions. When he writes of Ann Harding, he makes transparently sure that every one will realize that Mr. Collins considers her a hussy. When he tells of the mercurial John Barrymore, he shouts his opinion that Jack really is, and always has been, a fine lad of the purest motives.

Really, Mr. Editor, this is rather poor stuff! Tell Mr. Collins, for us, that if he'll just give us the facts, we'll form our own opinions, thank you.—*Evelyn S. Smith.*

It Happened In

CHICAGO, ILL.—One look at the prisoner before him brought back painful memories to Sergeant Michael Ahern of the police force.

"You're Joseph Onderykovitz," he said, "alias Mziak, alias Ordreykowitz, alias Andrekovitz, alias Ondrekowitz, alias Ondykovitz. What's the name this time?"

The prisoner told him Frank Ozemich. Sergeant Ahern sighed and observed: "His aliases are always jawbreakers."

MERIDEN, CONN.—Answering an alarm, Fire Chief Arthur Harris and four companies of firemen found the owner of an automobile frantically trying to put out a blaze around the carburetor of the car. Harris merely took a deep breath and blew lustily into the flames. That ended the fire.

LOS ANGELES, CALIF.—While making repairs atop the tower of the Hall of Justice, Charlie England, a steeplejack, fell 140 feet before he saved himself by snatching a rope. His pants caught fire from his acetylene torch. Then a pulley fell and hit him on the head. Said he:

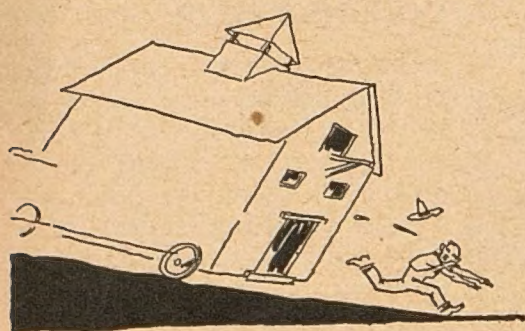
"It's nothing. Why, I remember once when a woodpecker lit on my shoulder and began a tattoo behind my ear. That was really funny."

CHICAGO, ILL.—When Dr. Gethner of Rogers Park Hospital examined the victim of an automobile crash, he found part of the scalp missing. He turned to the policeman who had escorted him in, told him to go back and look for the scalp—about nine square inches of it. The policeman returned with the missing skin. Dr. Gethner washed it, put it back into place on the man's head, and sewed it on.

GREENVILLE, S. C.—If Clarence C. Coleman, a bricklayer, is elected to the state House of Representatives he says he will not be bound by political promises. He told a gathering here he would, if elected, "help myself first, you next."

WALLA WALLA, WASH.—Francis Lieualen was run over by his own barn and was sent to a hospital with a crushed pelvis.

He was towing the barn on wheels when it caught up with him on a slope and ran him down.



SIGNS OF THE TIMES

The following was seen in a coffee shop near the University of Manitoba, Winnipeg:

If your wife can't cook, eat here and keep her for a pet.

And the following, also from Manitoba:

Children in bare feet not permitted on this escalator.

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The names and the descriptions of all characters in the fiction stories appearing in Liberty are wholly fictitious. If there is any resemblance, in name or in description, to any living person, it is purely accidental—a coincidence.

COVER PAINTED BY SCOTT EVANS

At 47 this woman, the idol of thousands, yes, of hundreds of thousands, possessed of genius and health, has stripped herself of all personal possessions, has sold her beautiful manor home, and pledged herself to accept only such financial returns as will enable her to live

WHILE SHE DEVOTES HER WHOLE LIFE TO CHARITY!

Why has she done it? Because, she says, she received her orders from G. H. Q.

G. H. Q. is ELSIE JANIS'S own personal term for God, and God, she declares, "won't let me down" in her actual and practical attempt to follow the teachings of the Galilean: to feed the hungry, clothe the naked, offer water to the faint and weary.

ADELA ROGERS ST. JOHNS' friendship with Elsie and her mother extends over many years. She has known them both—intimately—from before the days when Elsie was the heroine of the A. E. F. Now for the first time she reveals the thrilling and startling details in the lives of these two extraordinary women. Don't fail to read in Liberty next week

IS ELSIE JANIS GUIDED BY HER DEAD MOTHER'S VOICE?

Also stories and articles by John Erskine, Clara Beranger, Virginia Paxton, Norman Anthony, Bert Bell, and

WENDEL TELLS ALL—"My 44 days of kidnaping, torture, and hell in the Lindbergh case."

NEXT WEEK IN

Liberty

ON SALE NOV. 18
Get Your Copy of Liberty on Wednesday





To guard their budding beauty
the Dionne Quins use only
PALMOLIVE
the soap made with
Gentle Olive Oil!



DR. DAFOE *Says:*

"At the time of the birth of the Dionne Quintuplets, and for some time afterward, they were bathed in Olive Oil . . . When the time arrived for soap and water baths, we selected Palmolive Soap exclusively for daily use in bathing these famous babies."

HOW adorable they are! Their great dark eyes, fringed with long, curling lashes . . . their lovely rose-bud mouths!

No picture can do justice to the Dionne Quins. For so much of their beauty is in their exquisite, baby-girl complexions . . . kept soft and smooth, both winter and summer, by Palmolive's gentle, protective care!

WHY THEY USE ONLY PALMOLIVE

Because these famous little girls were born prematurely, they have always had unusually sensitive skin. That is why, for some time after their birth, they were bathed only with Olive Oil. Dr. Dafoe, like doctors everywhere, knew that nothing is so soothing for delicate skin as gentle Olive Oil.

Then, when the time came for soap and water baths, how important it was to choose a soap made from the gentlest, most soothing ingredients! And so, Dr. Dafoe chose Palmolive, the soap made with Olive Oil, to be used exclusively for bathing the Quins' tender skin!

WHAT A LESSON FOR EVERY WOMAN!

Mother! Why should you risk bathing *your* precious baby, or any of your children, with any soap less gentle than the one chosen for the little Dionnes?

And you too, Lovely Lady . . . Why not give *your* skin the beauty care that only Palmolive's secret blend of Olive and Palm Oils can give? For your own face and bath use safe, gentle, pure Palmolive!



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TO KEEP YOUR OWN COMPLEXION ALWAYS LOVELY, USE THIS BEAUTY SOAP CHOSEN FOR THE QUINS

HARD DAY TOMORROW!
 WHAT A RACKET THOSE CARS MAKE!
 MY NERVES ARE ALL JUMPY
WHY CAN'T I GET TO SLEEP?

IF YOU CAN'T **SLEEP** AT NIGHT

*Try This World-Famous "Nightcap"
 That Fosters Natural Sleep, Entirely Without Drugs*

HERE is a way to foster sound sleep quickly—entirely without drugs. A way that has brought sound, restful sleep and quiet nerves for thousands of people in many countries throughout the world.

It is called Ovaltine and was first created in Switzerland. Originally it was used as a strengthening food for invalids, convalescents, and the aged. Then physicians observed that, when taken as a hot drink at bedtime, it also produced unusual results in promoting sound and restful sleep.

As a result, Ovaltine has become world-famous as a drugless aid to natural sleep—

and thousands of physicians approve its use.

But don't judge Ovaltine merely on the basis of these facts. If you have trouble getting to sleep at night, try it and see for yourself. The cost is nominal.

Simply phone your grocer or druggist for a tin of it now. Mix 3 to 4 teaspoonfuls of it with a cup of hot milk and drink it just before getting into bed. See if you don't fall asleep more easily than you have, probably, in weeks and months. See if you don't feel much fresher tomorrow morning—and possess more nerve poise and energy, too.



O V A L T I N E



The Swiss Food-Drink NOW MADE IN THE U. S. A.
 OBTAINABLE AT ALL GROCERY, DRUG, AND DEPARTMENT STORES